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A NEW FAIRYLAND INTRODUCED TO A CHILD: A REAL "WATER-BABY" IN AN UNDERSEA "NURSERY."

Among the members of the recent Field Museum—Williamson Undersea Expedition was the seven-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williamson. She was only six weeks old when she started with her parents for the Bahama Islands, where she spent most of her time in the cool under-water studio, either asleep or gazing fascinated at the brightly coloured tropical fish swimming about outside the window. This under-water studio was the invention of the baby's grandfather, Captain Charles Williamson, and was intended for salvage operations. His son, however, adapted it for purposes of research and photography. It consists

of a six-foot compartment, suspended by a metal tube from a boat. In this comfortable room mother and daughter spent many hours observing the fish-life through the oval window, seeing all the beauty of fairy-like grottoes and the myriad hues of the seaweed waving in the currents, which formed a veritable fairyland. "Captain Sylvia" Williamson (as the baby was called) is said to be the first child to see life on the ocean floor. Further photographs of the strange fish and the wonderful sea-gardens that she saw through the window are given on pages 754 and 755 in this number.

A NEW FAIRYLAND FOR CHILDREN—AT THE SEA FLOOR!

To investigate the fish-life of the tropics at first hand was the object of the Field Museum—Williamson Undersea Expedition, which recently returned from the Bahamas, though the scientific side was not neglected. While his wife studied fish-life, Mr. J. E. Williamson directed the operations of native boys, who alone could work in the intense summer heat, and succeeded in packing and shipping twenty tons of rare specimens to the Field Museum at Chicago. Apart from scientific results, they have revealed what a wealth of colour and beauty lies beneath the tropic sea, hidden from the human eye. The photographs shown above were made possible by a special device of a six-foot compartment with a large oval window for observation purposes suspended by a flexible metal tube from a boat. This under-water studio, which was the invention of Captain Charles Williamson, was first used for salvaging, but it was adapted by his son, Mr. J. E. Williamson, for the purposes of research. It provides a comfortable means of staying under water for any length of time. From the

(Continued opposite page)



LIVING JEWELS OF THE WATER-WORLD: A SHOAL OF SMALL STRIPED FISH SWIMMING ABOUT OVER THE OCEAN FLOOR, SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF AN UNDERSEA STUDIO OFF THE BAHAMA ISLANDS.

WONDERS OF OCEAN LIFE PHOTOGRAPHED UNDER WATER.



SWIMMING LEISURELY THROUGH SANDY GLADES AMONG SEAWEED AND GROWTHS OF CORAL: SHOALS OF GRUNTS, GOAT-FISH, AND YELLOW-TAILS, SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE UNDER-WATER STUDIO AT THE END OF A LONG TUBE CONNECTED WITH A BOAT ON THE SURFACE.

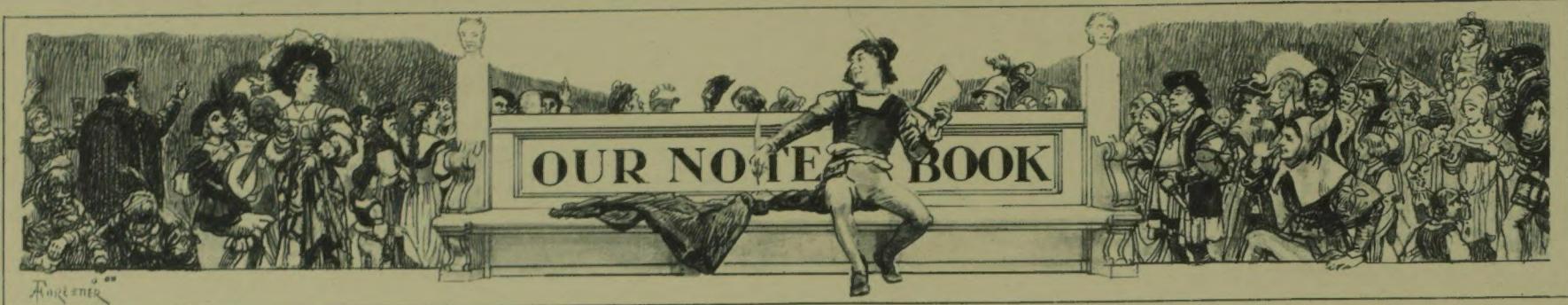
(Continued.)
photographs it can be seen that at the bottom of the sea are delicate growths of coral that take fantastic forms, some like fairy grottoes, others like miniature yew-trees with spreading branches, while between are sandy glades fringed with waving fronds of seaweed. The fish which float through these gardens under the sea match their surroundings in brilliance, some striped like perch, others able to change their colour to tone with their background, such as the Grouper which is shown in one of the above illustrations, a hog-backed fish with a disproportionately large mouth. Their names are in keeping with their strange shapes; for instance, Yellow-tail, Goat-fish, and Schoolmaster, names which indicate the peculiarities of their owners. Their curiosity drawing them to the window of the submerged studio enabled them to be photographed framed against their fairy realm. On our front page we show the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williamson lying in the submarine studio gazing at the undersea fairytale, while her mother sits sketching the fish that swim past the window.



A "CHAMELEON" FISH ABLE TO CHANGE COLOUR INSTANTLY IN ORDER TO HARMONISE WITH ITS BACKGROUND: A GROUPER SHOWING TAN STRIPES WHILE APPROACHING THE GOLDEN-BROWN BRANCHES OF PALMATE CORAL—TO TURN ALL BROWN A MOMENT LATER IN THE DEEP SHADOWS.



A "TRAFFIC JAM" AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: SHOALS OF EXOTIC TROPICAL FISH SWIMMING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, MEET ABOVE A LARGE HEAD OF CORAL, OUTSIDE THE UNDER-WATER OBSERVATION WINDOW, THROUGH WHICH ALL THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT was blandly and placidly proposed the other day, by some publicists as reported in some papers, that persons accused of a crime should be subjected to some hypnotic influence, which some psychologists imagine to induce a condition they call Twilight Sleep; in which remarkable state it is said that a man will go on talking and can only tell the truth. I trust it is unnecessary for me to say what I think of the morality of all that sort of thing. Of its practical social effect, if it could ever have any practical social existence, I have very little doubt. What would happen, of course, would be simply this. In meek obedience to what Science had discovered, we should hang six or seven people on the unanswerable evidence of what they said in their Twilight Sleep. And then Science would make another discovery, establishing the principle of Twilight Dream-Distortions; pointing out that certain forms of error are specially likely to occur in Twilight Sleep; and speaking haughtily and distantly about their credulous forebears who, through ignorance of Distortion Phenomena, had imagined that Twilight Sleep was reliable. Meanwhile, the people we had hanged by the latest light of science (indeed in every sense a twilight of science) would continue to be dead. That is how Science really assists Law. It is quite true that there have been many martyrs of science; but they have not always been scientists.

Of its more general and atmospheric morality, as a matter of social tone, I can only say that, if things of that sort were ever established in England, it would be the end of a rather exceptional and very fine and honourable English tradition. Our English law has had plenty of faults, which we rather tend to forget when we are content to hear the law being praised by lawyers. But it is really true that it carried almost to a Quixotic point the notion of protecting the prisoner against unfair tricks or traps. Possibly it was as much sporting as chivalrous; possibly it was more chivalrous than just. But I should be sorry to see so generous a national tradition entirely swept away, even by more logical police theories from Europe, let alone a lot of half-baked quack science from America. Law is not the most magnanimous thing in the world, in any part of the world. But it would seem, at first sight, as if even law had a better sense of honour than science. Only, as I have said, this sort of science is not science. It is simply charlatanism and boosting; the work of people who take advantage at once of the popular reverence for science and the popular ignorance of it. Charlatans are now less criticised or cross-examined than they ever were in the world before. In the darkest days they were at least examined to see whether they were witches; but now men have not only grown sceptical about the witch, but about the witch-finder. They have not only grown to doubt the quack, but the doctor who denounces the quack. Everything has become a matter of opinion, or, rather, a matter of taste; and larger and larger crowds of people simply have a taste in quacks. They move about in a mesmerised and mechanical condition, talking and thinking merely on the authority of somebody who is not an authority. In short, they are in a condition that

might very properly be described as Twilight Sleep; which, if not a state in which they tell the truth about everything, is at least a state in which they can believe anything to be true.

If anybody thinks I exaggerate the superstition of these somnambulists, or the decay of clearer and cooler ideas of justice, let me point out that the same thing is happening in conditions more crudely superstitious. We are asked to entrust legal decisions not only to mesmerists, but to mediums. We are once more being told to go to ghosts and wraiths for a legal opinion; or to put sheeted phantoms and gibbering spectres in the witness-box. It was quite seriously and warmly urged that some séance, with

to blast the honour or break the lives of men. In plain words, we may soon find ourselves hunting another human being, not with blood-hounds, but with hell-hounds.

That is what I call the Twilight; and something singularly suited to the title of Twilight Sleep. It is a breakdown at once of the idea of reason and of the idea of authority; it is a breakdown of reason because it is a breakdown of authority. Some men say that Science says this or that; when they only mean scientists, and do not know or care which scientists. Other men say that Spirits say this or that; when they do not know or care which spirits, or whether they are evil spirits. The notion that there might be a standard or tribunal of truth, which could distinguish great scientists from small, or evil spirits from good, seems to have completely vanished from a very large number of minds; and, compared with such a void of anarchy, even the old dry pedantry of the lawyers remains as some sort of link with logic and good government. Sooner than be tried by psychologists, or tried by psychic phenomena, I would even take the desperate course of going to law in an ordinary court of justice. I cannot boast that I am, in the select and special sense, known to the police. But at least, in the public and general sense, they are known to me; and, while I have no illusions about them, I have roughly adequate information about them: I know there are some things they will not do and some things they cannot legally do.

But crude and crazy psychiatrists from new Colleges of Eugenics are not in the least known to me; and vague and visionary influences from beyond the grave are not in the least known to me; and I have no information about them at all. If people around me are going to trust blindly to these things, I can only conjecture that there is creeping on them a blindness like that of barbarism. And there comes back across my mind once more their own metaphor of the Sleep of Twilight; and I remember what men used to say about the Twilight of the Gods, and wonder whether this is the Twilight of the Man.

However, I do not really take quite so depressing a view, even of these depressing developments and proposals. For I recognise that, in reality, all this sort of thing marks rather the end of a delusion than its beginning. The curse of the whole situation is expressed with terrible exactitude in the one phrase; that Science has become a name to conjure with. Having worked its own wonders, which are really on



ONE OF LONDON'S MOST FAMOUS CLOCKS GOING TO THE UNITED STATES—FOR INCLUSION IN A MUSEUM: THE MOVING AND BELL-STRIKING "GOG AND MAGOG" OF CHEAPSIDE.

The famous figures of Gog and Magog—copies of the still more famous effigies in the Guildhall—with the bells, the Father Time, the Venus, and the clockwork pertaining to them, long familiar over the shop of Sir John Bennett, Ltd., in Cheapside, are to go to America, where they will be placed in a museum devoted to the development of machinery through the ages. The building of which they were a feature came into being soon after the Fire of London, so far as the greater part of it is concerned. Messrs. Bennett are to make their headquarters in the West End, although, of course, they will not drop their City business. The offer for the timepiece was refused when it was first made, but later Messrs. Bennett decided to accept it, more especially in view of the fact that the relic would be assured of perfect preservation.

all the activities of its trumpets and tambourines, should be summoned like a judge and jury to give its verdict on the identity of the Ilkley murderer. I have an open mind about mediums and spirits when we are investigating or detecting them. But I do draw the line at their investigating and detecting us. I do not know that the spirits exist; I do not know whether they are reliable if they do exist; I do not know that they are not delusions; I do not know that they are not devils from hell. And yet I am asked, by people who know practically as little as I do, to turn them loose like chartered libertines

the material plane comparable to miracles, it has gained a sort of glamour which is made to cover any number of trivial or disreputable conjuring tricks. There were Pretenders in the days when men believed in Princes. There were hedge-priests in the days when men believed in priesthood. Just as adventurers then claimed the sanctity of priests and kings, so to-day the only sanctity so regarded is that of the man of science; and any number of thieves will steal it from him. But as men grow more used to the science, they may grow more sensible about the superstition.

DISCOVERIES OF ROMAN SCULPTURE: STATUES FROM OSTIA AND CYPRUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 3 SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR.

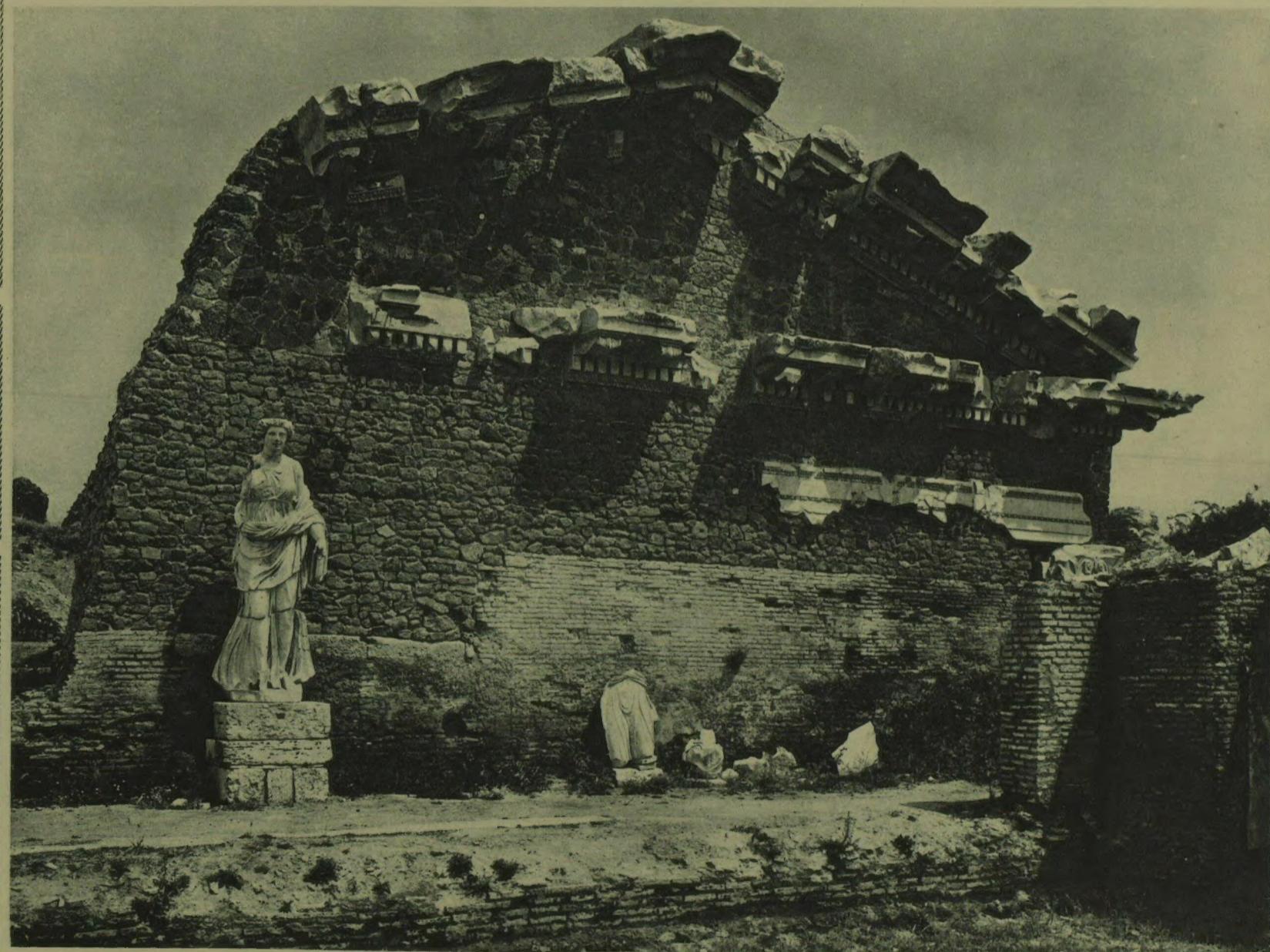


1. A NEW EXAMPLE OF ROMAN SCULPTURE FOUND AT OSTIA: A FINE BUT MUTILATED STATUE OF ROMA DOMINATRIX, WITH HER FOOT ON THE GLOBE—A WORK BELIEVED TO BELONG TO THE TIME OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN.



2. A BRONZE STATUE OF THE EMPEROR SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS UNEARTHED IN CYPRUS: THE PRESENT STAGE IN THE WORK OF ITS RESTORATION—THE HEAD AND TORSO RECENTLY REASSEMBLED.

This fine bronze statue of the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus was found in pieces last year in Cyprus, by a peasant, who unearthed it while digging his field at Kythrea, near Nicosia. The work of reassembling the fragments was undertaken, at the request of the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Ronald Storrs, by Mr. W. A. Stewart, of the Harvard-Boston Expedition. Our photograph shows his restoration of the head and torso. The whole figure will eventually be restored. As it is a nude statue, the Emperor is believed to be represented in the character of some divinity. A photograph of the fragments *in situ* appeared in our issue of May 5, 1928. Septimius Severus, it may be recalled, died at York in A.D. 211.



3. RECENT DISCOVERIES AT OSTIA, THE PORT OF ROME: THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE NEWLY FOUND REMAINS OF A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO ROME AND AUGUSTUS, WITH A STATUE OF AN UNKNOWN GODDESS AND OTHER FRAGMENTS OF SCULPTURE.

"The present excavations at Ostia," writes Professor Halbherr, "show that, in spite of the great damage done to the buried city in mediæval and modern times, the remains of its principal monuments are still conspicuous. The chief discoveries of the past season were made in the very centre of the city, where the Capitol quarter, the Porticoes of the Forum, and other buildings were finally cleared and restored. In the middle of the Forum, almost facing the Capitol

and the temple of Vulcan, have been discovered the remains of another temple, dedicated to Rome and Augustus. It contained a statue of the goddess of Rome—*Roma Dominatrix*—and one of Victory offering her a great crown of laurel. These are two pieces of considerable artistic value belonging, apparently, to the time of the Emperor Hadrian, a period of revival at Ostia, as shown by the majority of the buildings recently found."

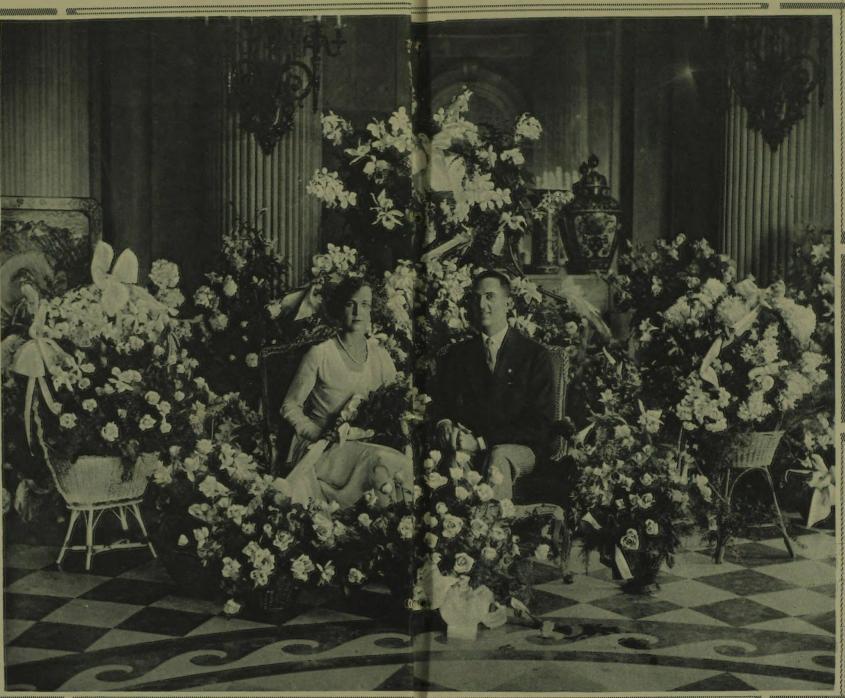
ITALY'S CROWN PRINCE AND BELGIUM'S PRINCESS:



THE ATTEMPT ON PRINCE UMBERTO'S LIFE AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN BRUSSELS: HIS ASSAILANT BEING REMOVED BY A NUMBER OF POLICEMEN AFTER HAVING BEEN ROUGHLY HANDLED BY THE ANGRY CROWD.

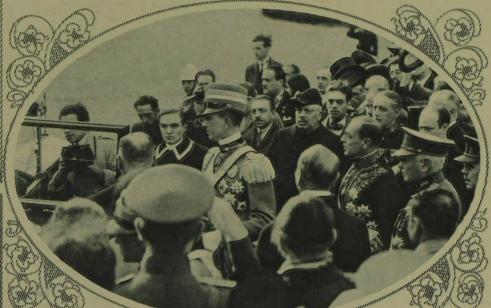


THE DRIVE THROUGH BRUSSELS IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE ON THE DAY AFTER THE OUTRAGE: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT AND PRINCESS MARIE JOSE OF BELGIUM ON THEIR WAY TO THE HOTEL DE VILLE.



THE RETROTHED PAIR ENTHRONED IN ROSES: PRINCESS MARIE JOSE OF BELGIUM AND THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ITALY, AT THE ITALIAN EMBASSY IN BRUSSELS, SHORTLY AFTER THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL IN BRUSSELS, AND A FANATICAL OUTRAGE.



THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE: A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE OUTRAGE, THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT (IN CENTER) AMONG A GROUP OF OFFICIALS, ENTERING HIS CAR AFTER HAVING LAID A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN BRUSSELS.



TO UNITE TWO ROYAL HOUSES BY MARRIAGE: THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY, AND PRINCESS MARIE JOSE, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS.



PRINCESS MARIE JOSE AS A LITTLE GIRL: PLAYING WITH A BULL PUSS ON DECK WHILE TRAVELLING TO ENGLAND (WHERE SHE WENT TO SCHOOL) DURING THE WAR.



WITH HER "AUREOLE" OF HAIR THAT WAS A STRIKING FEATURE OF HER APPEARANCE IN CHILDHOOD: PRINCESS MARIE JOSE AS A YOUNG GIRL, LEANING ON THE PARAPET OF A LILY POND.



AT HER FAVOURITE GAME OF "PLAYING SCHOOL" WITH HER TOY ANIMALS: PRINCESS MARIE JOSE, AS A CHILD.



EQUIPPED FOR THE GAME SHE LIKES BEST NOW—LAWN-TENNIS: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS MARIE JOSE.



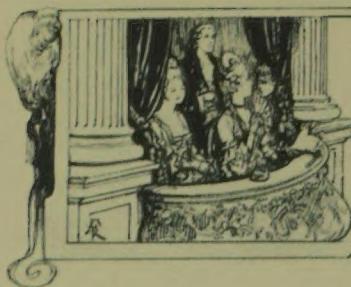
TO BE MARRIED TO THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT IN ROME PROBABLY NEAR THE BEGINNING OF DECEMBER: PRINCESS MARIE JOSE OF BELGIUM READING IN HER STUDY IN THE PALACE AT BRUSSELS.



THE ROYAL BRIDE-TO-BE IN THE UNIFORM OF A NURSE: PRINCESS MARIE JOSE, WHO HAS TAKEN A FULL COURSE OF TRAINING AT A BELGIAN NURSING INSTITUTE.

immensely increased his popularity. He arrived in Brussels on October 23, and his parents, the King and Queen of Italy, announced their consent to the betrothal on the same day, which was the anniversary of their own wedding. The consent of the King and Queen of the Belgians was announced on October 24. That morning the Prince visited the Tomb of the Belgian Unknown Warrior, and, as he was descending the steps to lay a wreath upon it, a man (identified later as Fernando Di Rosa, an Italian anti-Fascist) broke from the crowd and fired at him with a revolver. The bullet struck a wall 60 yards away. A policeman promptly rushed at the assailant, who was arrested and carried off after having been roughly handled by the crowd. The Prince himself, who remained unmoved and proceeded with the ceremony, conveyed the news of the affair to his fiancée, and she subsequently accompanied him to

the Italian Embassy. On the following day they drove together in procession in an open carriage from the Palace to the Hotel de Ville, where they received the congratulations of the city on their betrothal. That evening the Prince left Brussels for Rome, where the wedding is expected to take place early in December, at the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. Prince Umberto, who is twenty-five, is Colonel of the 90th Italian Infantry Regiment. He lives at the Old Palace at Turin. He has made several long-distance cruises, and recently returned from a tour, in Somaliland and Palestine. He is fond of sport, especially skiing. Princess Marie José, who is two years younger, speaks Italian fluently, for she spent three years (1917-1919) at the Institute of the Annunziata at Poggio Imperiale, near Florence. Previously during the war she was in England and was for a time at the Ursuline Convent School at Brentwood. She is an accomplished pianist and has lately been studying the cello. Among pastimes she is fond of lawn-tennis and swimming. As a child, her favourite game was to play "school" with her toy animals, as shown in one of the above photographs.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



A NEW DRAMATIST.—THE "TYPE" FALLACY.—PLAYS THAT WILL LIVE.

IN the theatre most dialects are Greek to me, and, although I am a regular frequenter of the police court, I have to admit that it took me about ten minutes to settle down in comfort to the dialogue and diction of Mr. Ernest George's "Belle; or, What's the Bother?" with which the Stage Society has so auspiciously begun its winter season. Once my ear was attuned, the piece gave me sheer delight. A new man, a fine play; barring occasionally too much talk and the slender 'osses in the story, there was no suspicion of novitiate. Mr. Ernest George has the theatre in his blood: its optics, its technique, its instinct. And he is not only an observer of the world he lives in—for he is a bookseller in the East

you have learned more from this play than from a score of scintillating society comedies.

Perhaps not all the material is spontaneous: the first act would indicate that Mr. George has studied his Dickens, his Zola, his Dostoevsky, his Gorky. But that is mere conjecture; and, if it be true, who shall blame him for his firsting having followed the methods of great masters? "Belle" is, in my opinion, a remarkable contribution to the folk-lore of the modern East End, and, as such, it is a work of value which deserves to go much further than its one-night's trial. Under Mr. Milton Rosmer's excellent guidance the play was splendidly acted. But for the present I cannot say

more than that the mother of Miss Nancy Price was a masterly portrayal; that Miss Peggy Robb-Smith's was a life-like performance of the wayward, vain girl whom we find so often in the dock, who will go to the dogs in spite of her mother, the law, and the wise monitions of the missionary.

Type—that has become the slogan in our World of the Theatre, and a very pernicious one, for it seemingly mars the livelihood of many women. (Men are only affected in a small minority.) The cry is not new; we have heard it before. Then it used to be "fair," and, years ere the Loos novel was thought of, no blonde, unless she had a reputation or was a fair draw, had the slightest chance. The chorus on our stage was a sea of ears of corn—not all by birthright, I suspect. That fashion lived its day and was soon forgotten. But the present vogue is something different and more far-reaching. It demands that the appearance—especially the face—of an artist should definitely outline his (or her) emotional power, character—in the sense of qualities—temperament, and capacity of portrayal. In the dictionary sense the human type should be "a model in nature made the subject of a copy" (see Chambers). Therefore, in plain language, not an original entity, but

a cliché or copy capable of multiplication. The result is obvious. As soon as the artist looks the part, she or he is chosen *prima facie*, in the true sense of the Latin expression. The *natural* becomes a secondary question. The artist may protest—"I may not look the part, but I have all that is needed within me, and cannot a wig and make-up give the outward appearance?" It goes for naught. And so the right ships pass in the night and it is left to the producer to mould the unsuited inward material into the right form. What follows is often economically and artistically disastrous. Artists who are equipped are unemployed and eat their hearts out in vain quest of an engagement. People who have little to commend them are the elect, and the audience soon discovers that, apart from appearance, the wrong person tries to fill the right place. One could easily give a list of plays that have failed, or only half succeeded, in consequence of this "type-casting." As I write, a play at a leading theatre is coming off because the leading actress was selected according to type, but without possessing any of the qualifications required by the character. She "looked the picture," but she never could vitalise the soul of it.

End—he knows its people, its ways, its character, and—forgive the hackneyed word—its psychology. I can imagine how this play was conceived. I see the author peering out of his window, between the tinkle of the shop-bell and the demands of his customers. I see him watching the passers-by and their doings, pricking up his ears at their chatter, patter, squabbles. I see him perambulating the purlieus of his neighbourhood, ever on the alert, listening, palavering, studying, making mental notes; anon scribbling them down at random, thereby creating embryos of dramatic characters and types for future development.

The result is a gallery of live people, of "mean streets," as Arthur Morrison used to call them in his famous book, fighting for and with existence in their lowly way, storing up grin and groan and pathos. That racing tout, that young crook beau, beguiling the flibberty-gibbety girl with amorous words and stolen furs; that voluble, backboneless, henpecked father; that hustling, irascible mother who lives in fear of losing her ewe-lamb, and, despite her adolescence, bullies and slaps her in an excess of foolish love, but cannot stem the wild ways of youth, and remains behind, a lonely soul destined to slave for naught until the bitter end—we have seen them all at times. But mostly—unless we go to the courts—we hardly realise how they live, nor want to realise it. Theirs is a sphere apart in that vastness which is London. We almost shudder at a closer acquaintance, unless, now and again, their speech rouses our roars of laughter. But, for all that our ignorance is perhaps disdain, they have a right to live as much as we have, and it is well that an author living in their midst should hold up the mirror and therein produce a human document. For that is the value of this play—that it tells the unvarnished truth; that it depicts, with humour, the "lower depths" of a great city. You may wince, you may shudder at the morals, the lingo, the mean lives of these people. But you cannot gainsay that you come away impressed; that

instead of an expression of understanding penetration and creation of acceptable make-believe. The perfect art of the player is to immerse one's ego in the individuality of another person. Type alone, albeit fortified by all the artifices of the theatre, can never achieve that. You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, said the Bard. And that is what "casting to type" is trying to do, to the detriment of the stage.

Messrs. Victor Gollancz have already published a considerable number of volumes of single and collected plays, by English and foreign authors. The latest book in this series, "Famous Plays of To-Day" (Victor Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is about the straightest thrust from the shoulder that could be given to the short-sighted theory that drama in this country is dead or dying. For here, within the narrow limits of less than seven hundred pages, are at least three plays that already have the sheen of immortality upon them. Of their qualities, the likenesses or differences between them, this is not the time to speak. But not only audiences in this country, but in America and Germany, have been subjugated to the silence that is deeper praise than clamour by "Journey's End"; on the opening night of the contemporary tour of "The Lady with a Lamp," at Hammersmith, the atmosphere was as tense as at the West End *première*, and I know of more than one earnest playgoer who was never able to obtain a seat for "Many Waters," at the little Ambassadors, during its long run.

Then, too, within the covers of the same handy volume—and the print is clear to the eye and the paper pleasing to the touch—there is John van Druten's provocative study of adolescent boyhood, "Young Woodley," that made not only its author but Frank Lawton famous in a night; "Such Men are Dangerous," the play that brought Matheson Lang back to his rightful place in the London World of the Theatre, and revealed Mr. Ashley Dukes as a student of European history as well as dramatist; and, finally, Mr. Benn Levy's fantastic "Mrs. Moonlight," which opens so delightfully, but falls from grace to some extent in the last act.

Of course, the book has been brought out—as all good salesmen would bring it out!—on the crest of the popularity of some of the plays it contains, and I hope that the publishers will reap a rich reward for their perspicacity. That the book will sell in large numbers in this country I have little doubt; that it will rouse keen interest and enthusiasm on the Continent I am quite sure. Its producers have, I

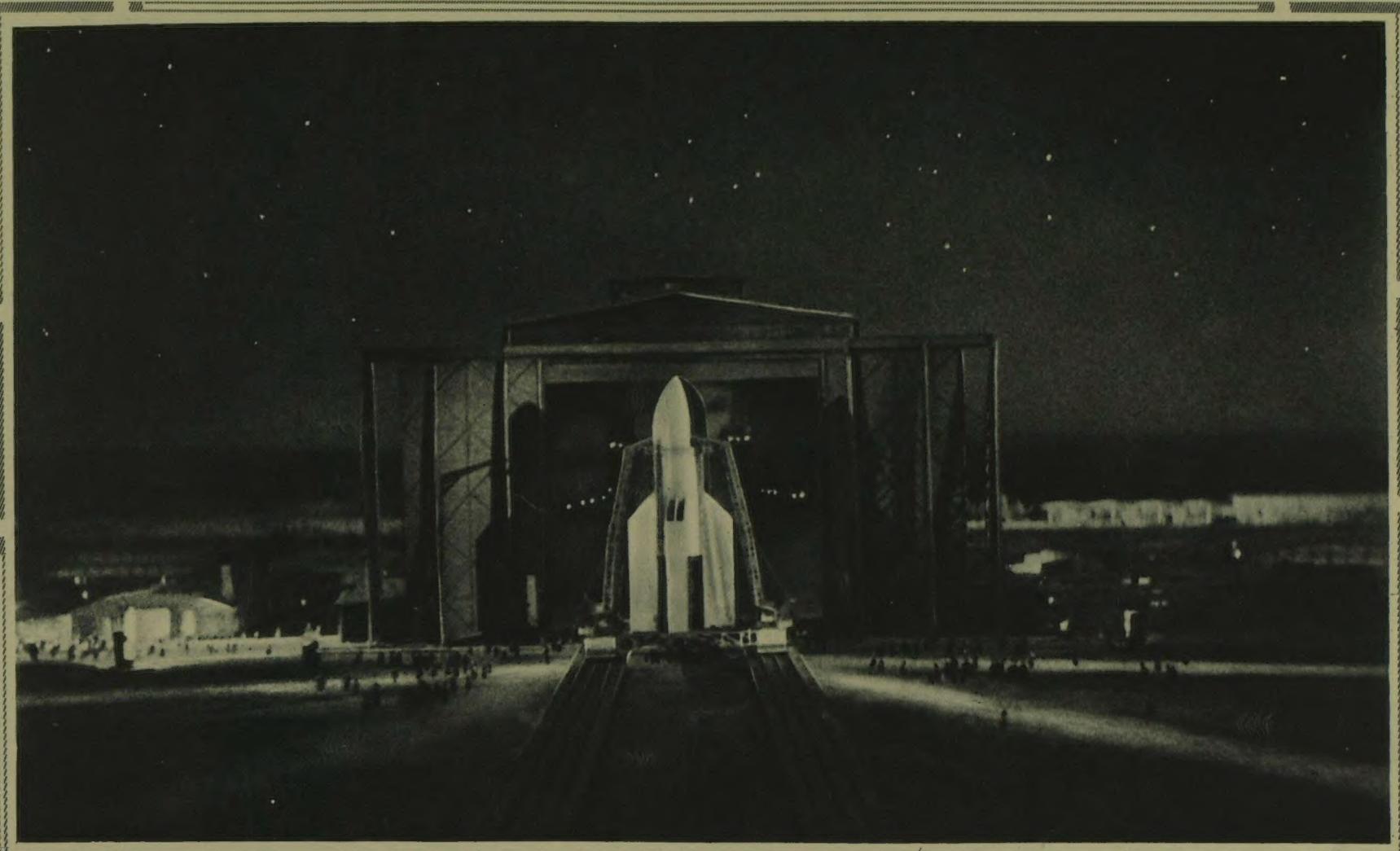


THE TRAGEDY IN THE UPPER FLOOR OF "SYMPHONY IN TWO FLATS": LEO CHAVASSE (GEORGE RELPH), LESLEY (BENITA HUME), AND DAVID KENNARD, A YOUNG COMPOSER (IVOR NOVELLO).

think, done the English World of the Theatre a greater service than perhaps they themselves realise. For these "Famous Plays of To-morrow," will be the remembered plays of to-morrow, and their printed text will serve as a memorial to the playwrights and actors who first made them live.

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON: A SPECTACULAR FILM PRODUCTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE GAUMONT COMPANY, LTD., REPRESENTING THE UFA COMPANY IN LONDON.



THE BIG SCENE IN "THE WOMAN IN THE MOON," A SENSATIONAL FILM OF FANTASTIC ADVENTURE RECENTLY PRODUCED IN BERLIN: THE GIANT ROCKET IN WHICH THE TRAVELLERS, INCLUDING THE HEROINE AND HER LOVER, ARE ABOUT TO START ON THEIR VOYAGE THROUGH SPACE, EMERGING ON RAILS FROM ITS ENORMOUS HANGAR, AND DWARFING THE HUMAN SPECTATORS TO THE SIZE OF LILLIPUTIANS.



A FANTASTIC DEVELOPMENT, 1000 YEARS HENCE, OF THE IDEAS OF HERR FRITZ VON OPEL, THE INVENTOR OF THE ROCKET-AEROPLANE: TWO OF THE CHARACTERS IN "THE WOMAN IN THE MOON" INSPECTING A MODEL OF THE GIANT ROCKET, IN WHICH A PARTY OF ADVENTURERS (INCLUDING THE SCIENTIST WHO DEVISED IT) ARE CONVEYED FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.



The first production of "The Woman in the Moon," a spectacular film of fantastic adventure recalling the romances of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, took place before an unusually brilliant audience in the Ufa Palace at Berlin on October 15. For the first time in cinema history the special music accompanying the picture was broadcast by radio. In preparing the film for the Ufa Company, Herr Fritz Lang, the producer, has used all the technical resources of the Neu Babelsberg Studios with striking success, especially in the big scenes showing the

departure of the giant rocket from the earth, the voyage through space, and the arrival on the moon. The adventure, which takes place a thousand years hence, suggests a possible development of the ideas of Herr Fritz von Opel, whose recent experiments with rocket-propelled aeroplanes, cars, and boats in Germany have attracted so much interest. In several previous numbers, our readers will remember, we have illustrated other scenes from the new film, as well as the studio work of constructing the lunar landscape settings, with bleached sand for "snow."



THE HISTORIC STATE BARGE OF JAIPUR, MANY CENTURIES OLD, LENT BY THE MAHARAJAH FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE FILM; THE LAKE AT JAIPUR AS A WONDERFUL SETTING FOR AN IDYLLIC LOVE SCENE IN "A THROW OF THE DICE."

THE FIRST INDIAN SOUND-FILM:
ENACTED BY INDIANS IN
"A THROW OF THE DICE,"
NATURAL INDIAN SETTINGS.



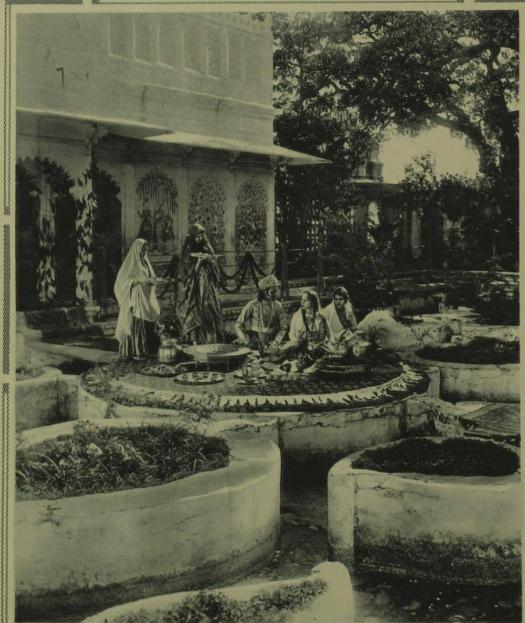
THE ORDINARY POPULATION OF JAIPUR ACTING AS
"CROWD" SCENE IN "A
THROW OF THE DICE" ON THE LAKE.



UNPAID "SUPERS" (OCCASIONALLY TO THE NUMBER
THROW OF THE DICE)—RAMJIT AND SUNITA GOING
ABOARD THE STATE BARGE.



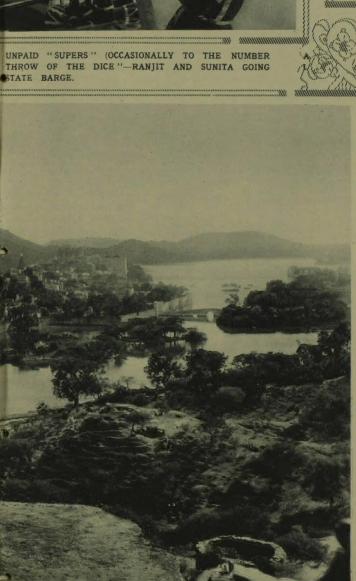
LOVE IDYLL ENACTED ON THE LAKE OF JAIPUR: THE HEROINE, SUNITA (MISS SEETA DEVI) AND HER LOVER, KING RAMJIT (MR. CHARU ROY), WHOSE ADVENTUROUS ROMANCE IS TOLD IN THE NEW INDIAN FILM, "A THROW OF THE DICE."



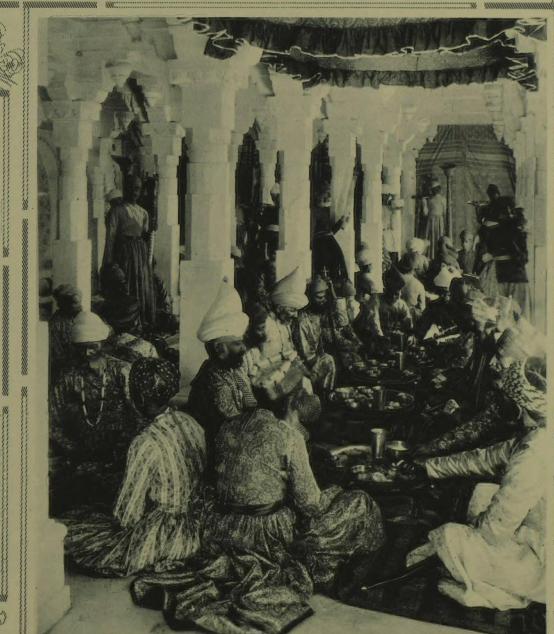
THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE AT JAIPUR PROVIDES A CHARMING BACKGROUND FOR A LOVE SCENE IN "A THROW OF THE DICE": RAMJIT AND SUNITA, WITH THEIR ATTENDANTS, ENJOY AN OPEN-AIR REPARTÉ.



A MAGNIFICENT SETTING FOR THE SECOND FILM PICTURE (AFTER
LANDSCAPE SCENES IN "A THROW OF THE DICE").



"SHIRAZ" ACTED ENTIRELY BY INDIANS: ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL
JAIPUR, WITH ITS LAKE AND SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS.



A STATE BANQUET IN "A THROW OF THE DICE," RECENTLY SHOWN PRIVATELY AT THE NEW GALLERY: A STRIKING SCENE IN A PICTURE OF INDIAN LIFE OF BYGONE DAYS REPRESENTED THROUGHOUT BY INDIANS.

picture to "Shiraz," and, though it has won golden opinions in Germany, its exhibition in England has been delayed till it had been synchronised for music and sound-effects. This synchronisation was done in Berlin under the supervision of Mr. Victor Peers, British Instructional's sound-expert, and it will be interesting to compare it with the American systems. The beautiful Seeta Devi, who made such an impression in "Shiraz," plays the heroine, Sunita: Himansu Rai, the moving force in Indian film production, plays the villain, Sohat; and Charu Roy represents Sunita's lover, Ranjit. The picture was directed by Herr Franz Osten. In some of the "crowd" scenes 8000 Indians appear as "supers." The story, for which Niranjan Pal was responsible, concerns the loves and rivalries of two petty Indian kings, Sohat and Ranjit. Both are heavily addicted to gambling. Sohat, moreover, has designs

on Ranjit's kingdom. They go out to hunt tiger together, and Sohat plots to have Ranjit assassinated with a poisoned arrow ostensibly directed at the tiger. The plot succeeds up to a point, but the wounded man is borne into the hut of a native healer nearby, who has a beautiful daughter, Sunita. Thanks to the healer's powers, Ranjit recovers. He falls in love with Sunita, and eventually, against the wishes of her father, who misstrusts him for his addiction to gambling, marries her. The old father is killed by the jealous Sohat in mistake for Ranjit. After two or three days with her lover, Sunita is tricked away by Sohat's wiles and abducted to his palace, whence she is rescued by Ranjit's minister. The plans are then made for her official wedding to Ranjit, but on the eve of the wedding Sohat, pretending great friendliness, arrives with costly presents and suggests a game of dice. He plays with loaded dice and wins Ranjit's kingdom and Ranjit's person. Discovering that the dice Sohat had played with were loaded, Ranjit's people rise in revolt and rescue their king from the villain's clutches.

A NEW PAGE OPENED IN ANCIENT HISTORY:

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERIES IN NORTHERN SYRIA: AN UNKNOWN LANGUAGE; ROYAL ARCHIVES, TOMBS, AND ART TREASURES OF THE 13TH AND 14TH CENTURIES B.C.

By Professor F. A. SCHAEFFER, Leader of the Institut de France Expedition to Ras Shamra; Curator of the Prehistoric Museum at Strasbourg.
(See Illustrations on Pages 765 to 767, numbered, in a single sequence, to correspond with the Author's References.)

IT was in the Seraglio of Lattakia, in the capital of the Alaouite State (North Syria), that this strange story was told me. Long before the war an English captain passing through Lattakia had invited the agent of his company to accompany him to his boat at Alexandretta. About ten miles north of Lattakia he drew the agent's attention to a cove, surrounded by white rocks, which could be seen from starboard. Near the cove, which is an excellent little natural port, now abandoned, there were several small hillocks, which one of his grandfathers, also a sailor, had advised him to excavate when he had retired from the Navy. "There must be many valuable things in those hillocks," was the captain's conclusion. This story is, doubtless, not an invention. While I was making my purchases in the *souks* at Lattakia, where the report that a French archaeologist intended to make excavations near Minet-el-Beida had spread rapidly, several merchants told me that the natives who lived in the neighbourhood of the cove had found antique objects of gold.

These tales were first corroborated in March 1928. An Alaouite, working in his field not far from the bay, lifted a flagstone which was found to cover the entrance to a subterranean passage leading to a rectangular chamber vaulted with corbels. When he emptied it he found several things, some of gold, but no one else saw them. They have disappeared amongst the antiquities for sale. The news of this discovery reached the ears of M. Schoeffler, the present French Governor of the Alaouite State. He went to the spot himself, and informed the Director of Antiquities at Beyrouth, M. Viroleaud. Researches made, by someone attached to this service, in the chamber and its approaches, resulted only in the discovery of some terra-cotta vases, partly broken, which the native finder had not thought worth taking. But these vases, in the opinion of M. René Dussaud, a member of the Institut, date from the thirteenth century B.C., and are of Cypriot and Mycenaean origin. On the other hand, the plan of the sepulchre reminded one of the Royal Tombs at Knossos, found by Sir Arthur Evans.

Up till then, no such discovery had been made on the Syrian coast. M. René Dussaud did not doubt that Minet-el-Beida was an ancient port, and a Cypri-Cretan colony, which traded in merchandise from Cyprus, Crete, and Egypt, destined for the powerful centres of civilisation in Mesopotamia. Minet-el-Beida, in fact, situated just opposite the extreme point of Cyprus, is the starting point of many roads leading to the interior. Copper especially, coming from the Cyprus mines, which was used for making arms instead of iron, at that time a precious metal, must have played an important part in this trade. At the request of M. Dussaud, the Institut de France sent an archaeological mission to the spot, whose aim was to try and find the ancient maritime town of Minet-el-Beida and its necropolis. The leadership of this mission was entrusted to the present writer, who chose as his collaborator his good friend, M. G. Chenet, an archaeologist from the Argonne. The caravan of the expedition, consisting of seven camels carrying the luggage, and several donkeys and horses, reached Minet-el-Beida at the end of March 1929. The

excavations began immediately after the camp was installed. After a week of soundings and digging, the supposed necropolis was found, and it proved very rich in archaeological treasure. Within an area of 3000 square metres, situated at 150 metres from the shore at Minet-el-Beida, the first discoveries brought to light were 80 funerary deposits consisting of various vases in the local ceramic style, Cyprian or Mycenaean, or simply of a few pebbles and shells from the neighbouring beach; in one instance the pebbles were replaced by weights in polished or rough-hewn stone (Fig. 12), the exact equivalents of the

inspiration, but executed by an artist who no longer followed the models of the Nile Valley too closely, for there are no examples of the Horus hawk holding the uraeus between his claws, as does the hawk of Minet-el-Beida.

About 50 cm. away was found a statuette of a seated god (Figs. 13, 14, and 17). His profile was Egyptian, and the eyes were encrusted in enamel and silver. Close by was an upright statuette of a god, 22 cm. in height, in a walking attitude (Figs. 18 and 19). On his head he wears a tall cap, plated in gold, resembling the *pschent* of the Pharaohs, or the head-gear of the Hittite kings. A mask of finely wrought gold covers the god's face; his body is silver-plated, and on his right arm there is a gold bracelet. It is, undoubtedly, the finest effigy of the Phoenician god Reshef which has been found up to the present. Besides him was a gold pendant, showing in relief the beautiful goddess Astarte, standing upright and holding a lotus in each hand (Fig. 16). In the soil around the statuettes were found numerous single beads of a necklace, polished olives in cornelian, cylinders in pink quartz, and pears in cat's-eye stone.

At about twenty metres south of these treasures we found a large subterranean chamber, which was rectangular, and had enormous flagstones carefully matched; doubtless this was an important tomb, but unfortunately it was unfinished and empty. We then investigated on the western side, and came across a series of very curious monuments, in the form of wells, the opening of which was vaulted and shaped like a hive, and covered with a large pierced flagstone; there were also water-pipes for funerary water leading to a great jar or to a pierced stone (Fig. 15). These monuments seem to have been connected with an edifice of rather important dimensions, of which only the flagstones and the foundations remain today. Below the flagstones we discovered a new tomb, this time a completed one, with a passage and staircase leading towards the actual sepulchre, vaulted in corbels. (See illustrations on page 765.) This corridor, formed of large flagstones, contained numerous painted vases, lamps with wicks which had been left burning (their smoke had blackened the adjacent wall), and a marvellous two-handled vase in Egyptian alabaster, quite intact (Fig. 4). In front of the sepulchre was found the skull of a very young person, perhaps a servant killed at the door of his master's tomb.

When we entered the tomb proper, however, we discovered that it had been violated at a very distant period. It seems that the desecrators, evidently well informed as to the means of entry, had displaced one of the key-stones of the vault, and slipped through this narrow aperture (Figs. 5 and 6). They had stripped the skeletons of their ornaments in precious metals, and had thrown the bones into a corner (Fig. 3). There were at least four corpses in the sepulchre, but no sarcophagus. The funerary furniture was extraordinarily rich, as can be realised by the remains left or forgotten by the desecrators. Amongst beads in gold and hard stones, many vases of terra-cotta, with Mycenaean or Cyprian paintings, goblets in glass paste, and Egyptian jugs in alabaster,



FIG. 1. THE FINEST MYCENEAN IVORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. HITHERTO BROUGHT TO LIGHT: A SPLENDID RELIEF DISCOVERED IN THE ROYAL TOMB AT MINET-EL-BEIDA, REPRESENTING A GODDESS OF FERTILITY, IN A DECORATIVE HEAD-DRESS, FLCUNCED SKIRT, AND "BUSTLE," FEEDING TWO GOATS WITH EARS OF CORN. (ABOUT ACTUAL SIZE.)

Egyptian *mina* of 437 grammes and its fractions. In other places there were enormous stone tablets, round slabs shaped like millstones, pierced in the centre, stone cubes or large *phalli*, also in stone, and very naturalistic. The bones discovered here were all those of animals, and not of human beings.

About the middle of this ground, at the foot of a little wall only 50 cm. high, and quite hidden in the soil, we discovered an important treasure of statuettes and jewels of great artistic and historical value. The first trace of these was the discovery of a bronze figure of a hawk (Figs. 10 and 11), with the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, like that of Horus; it was lying amongst the remains of a rough vase and fragments of a classical Cyprian bowl. Quite near this hawk (Figs. 8 and 9) another was found, smaller, but encrusted with gold, a delightful little gem of ancient goldsmith's art. Egyptian in

[Continued on page 784]

TOMBS OF A MYSTERIOUS DYNASTY: DISCOVERIES UNIQUE IN SYRIA.

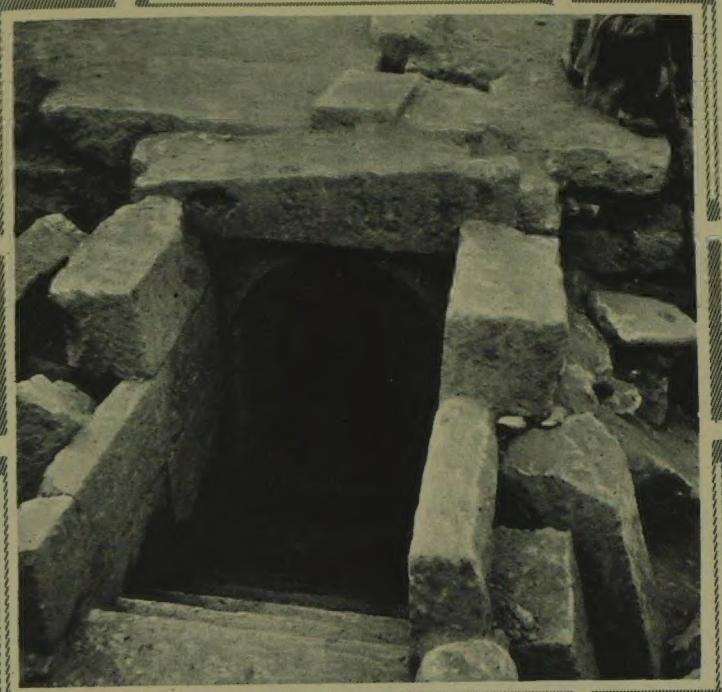


FIG. 2. THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE ENTRANCE OF A ROYAL TOMB RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT MINET-EL-BEIDA: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 3. ROYAL REMAINS DESECRATED AND CAST ASIDE BY TOMB-ROBBERS IN ANCIENT TIMES: PART OF A SKULL, VARIOUS BONES, AND FRAGMENTS OF FUNERARY POTTERY IN A CORNER OF THE BURIAL-CHAMBER.

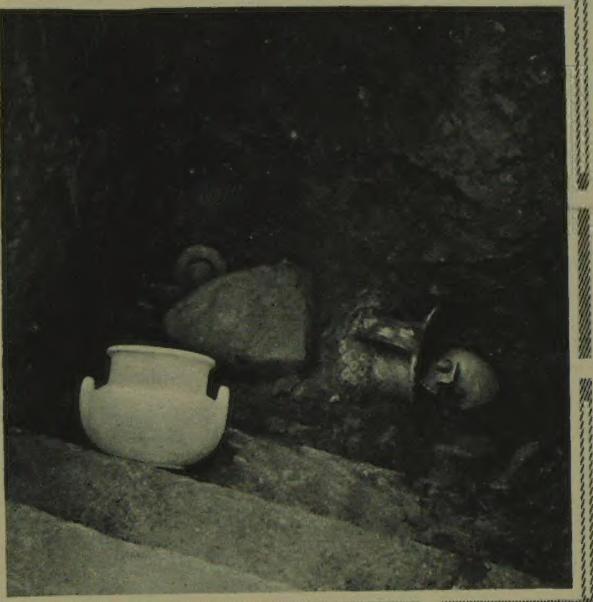


FIG. 4. A TWO-HANDED EGYPTIAN ALABASTER VASE, WITH OTHER VASES AND A SKULL (PROBABLY A SERVANT SACRIFICED AT HIS MASTER'S TOMB): OFFERINGS FOUND ON THE STEPS LEADING TO IT.



FIG. 5. SHOWING (TO LEFT, ABOVE) THE HOLE IN THE ROOF THROUGH WHICH THE ROBBERS ENTERED: A VIEW FROM WITHIN THE ROYAL TOMB, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE STAIRS.

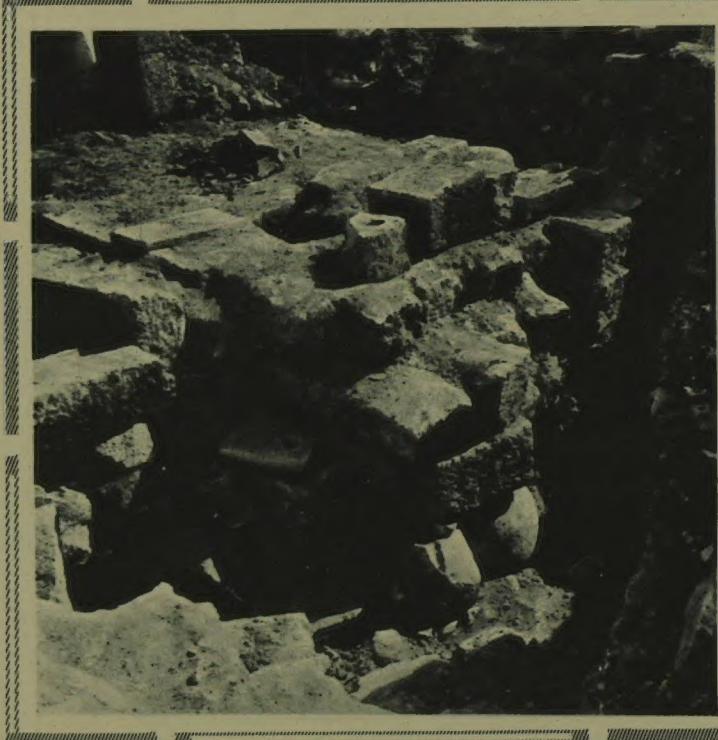


FIG. 6. SHOWING THE HOLE MADE BY THE ROBBERS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOF: THE EXTERIOR OF THE BURIAL CHAMBER IN THE ROYAL TOMB AT MINET-EL-BEIDA.

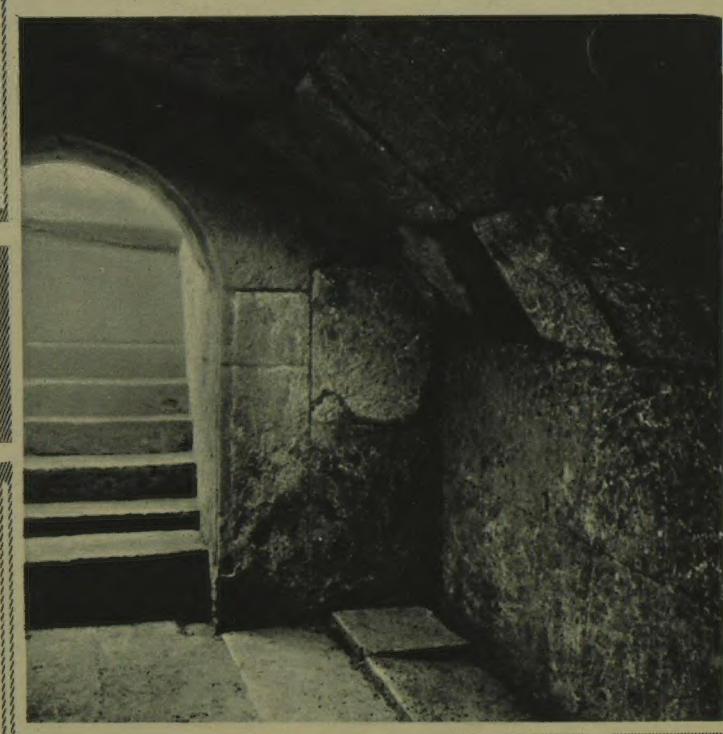


FIG. 7. THE ENTRANCE STAIRWAY TO THE ROYAL TOMB SEEN FROM WITHIN: ANOTHER VIEW, AFTER EXCAVATION, SHOWING THE SIDE WALL OPPOSITE TO THAT SEEN IN FIG. 5.

Recent discoveries of great archaeological importance, relating to a period over 3000 years ago, in north-west Syria, are described in the article on page 764, by Professor F. A. Schaeffer, the leader of an expedition sent out by the Institut de France. The site is situated on the coast between Lattakia and Alexandretta, and not far from the ancient Antioch, at a point known as Ras Shamra (Cape Fennel) and the neighbouring locality of Minet-el-Beida. As Professor Schaeffer recalls, the possibilities of the site were known, long before the War, to an English Naval captain, whose grandfather, also a sailor, had advised him to excavate there when he retired from the Navy. Last year a native peasant, working in a field, found the entrance to a subterranean chamber, containing some gold objects, which he removed. These could not be traced, but it was the news of this discovery that led to the French expedition, which has had such interesting results. The excavators soon came upon a royal necropolis of some unknown dynasty of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C. One of the principal tombs had been rifled in ancient times by robbers,

who entered it by making a hole in the roof, as shown above. They had stripped the royal skeletons of ornaments of precious metal, and cast the bones into a corner, but fortunately left much else untouched. (See his article on the opposite page.)

NEW LINKS BETWEEN SYRIA AND EGYPT:

IN THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C.
TREASURES FROM A ROYAL NECROPOLIS.

FIG. 8. EGYPTIAN IN STYLE, BUT UNIQUE AS HOLDING THE URÆUS BETWEEN THE CLAWS: A GOLD-ENCRUSTED HAWK.



FIG. 9. THE GOLD-ENCRUSTED HAWK: A BACK VIEW.



FIG. 10. IN THE DOUBLE CROWN OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT: THE BRONZE HAWK—AS FOUND.



FIG. 11. THE SAME BRONZE HAWK AS IT APPEARED AFTER IT HAD BEEN CLEANED AT THE LOUVRE.



FIG. 12. PHOENICIAN STONE WEIGHTS: (CENTRE) ONE EQUAL TO THE EGYPTIAN MINA, WITH OTHERS WHICH ARE FRACTIONS THEREOF—A FUNERARY DEPOSIT.

FIGS. 13 AND 14.
A STATUETTE
OF A
SEATED GOD
WITH EYES
ENCRUSTED IN
ENAMEL AND
SILVER: TWO
VIEWS SHOWING
THE EGYPTIAN
TYPE OF PROFILE.

FIG. 15. A STONE CONDUIT LEADING TO THE BASE OF A GREAT FUNERARY WATER-JAR OR TO A PIERCED STONE: A CURIOUS MONUMENT.

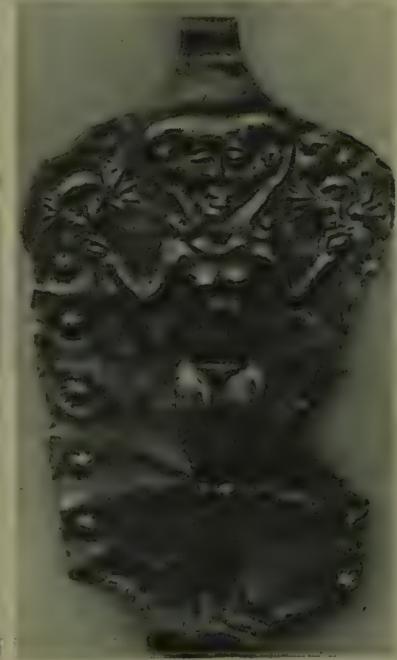
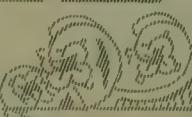


FIG. 16. ASTARTE, THE PHOENICIAN GODDESS OF LOVE, WITH A LOTUS IN EACH HAND: A RELIEF IN GOLD.

FIG. 17. SHOWING
ONE OF THE
EYES ENCRUSTED
WITH ENAMEL
AND SILVER:
A FRONT VIEW
OF THE
SEATED GOD
(FIGS. 13
AND 14),
AFTER CLEANING
AT
THE LOUVRE.

FIG. 18. THE FINEST EFFIGY YET DISCOVERED OF THE PHOENICIAN GOD RESHEF: A STATUETTE (22 CM. HIGH).

FIG. 19. WITH
SILVER-PLATED
BODY,
GOLD MASK,
GOLD BRACELET,
AND CAP
OF
PHARAONIC
TYPE:
THE RESHEF
STATUETTE
AFTER
CLEANING
AT
THE LOUVRE.

One of the most interesting results of Professor Schaeffer's discoveries (described in his article on page 764) is the new light thrown on the relations between various kingdoms of the Near East about 3300 years ago. Minet-el-Beida, one of the sites explored, was (he says) "an ancient port and a Cypri-Cretan colony, which traded in merchandise from Cyprus, Crete, and Egypt, destined for the powerful centres of civilisation in Mesopotamia." Especially notable are the links between Syria and Egypt, and the influence of Egyptian art, as shown in the two figures of hawks illustrated above. The large bronze hawk has the double crown of

Upper and Lower Egypt, like the hawk of Horus. The other hawk, smaller, but encrusted with gold, is described by Professor Schaeffer as "Egyptian in inspiration, but executed by an artist who no longer followed the models of the Nile Valley too closely," for the Horus hawk holding the uræus between his claws is unknown elsewhere. Another example of Egyptian influence is shown in the stone weights, which are equivalents of the Egyptian *mina* and its fractions. Again, the small figure of a seated god wears a tall cap like that of the Pharaohs. On the other hand, Reshef and Astarte are Phoenician deities.

AN UNKNOWN SCRIPT; AND BRONZE ARMS: SENSATIONAL "FINDS" IN NORTHERN SYRIA.



FIG. 20. THE MOST SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY AT RAS SHAMRA: TERRA-COTTA TABLETS COVERED WITH CUNEIFORM TEXTS MOSTLY IN A SCRIPT HITHERTO UNKNOWN—SOME OF THEM *IN SITU* AS FOUND, STILL RESTING ON LIBRARY SHELVES.



FIG. 21. THE EARLIEST EXTANT LETTER IN A KNOWN ALPHABETICAL SCRIPT: AN INSCRIBED TABLET FROM THE ROYAL ARCHIVES DISCOVERED AT RAS SHAMRA.



FIG. 22. A NEW EARLY LANGUAGE DISCOVERED: A DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENT OF THE SECOND MILLENNIUM B.C. IN A TWENTY-SIX-LETTER ALPHABET HITHERTO ENTIRELY UNKNOWN—A TABLET FROM THE RAS SHAMRA ARCHIVES.

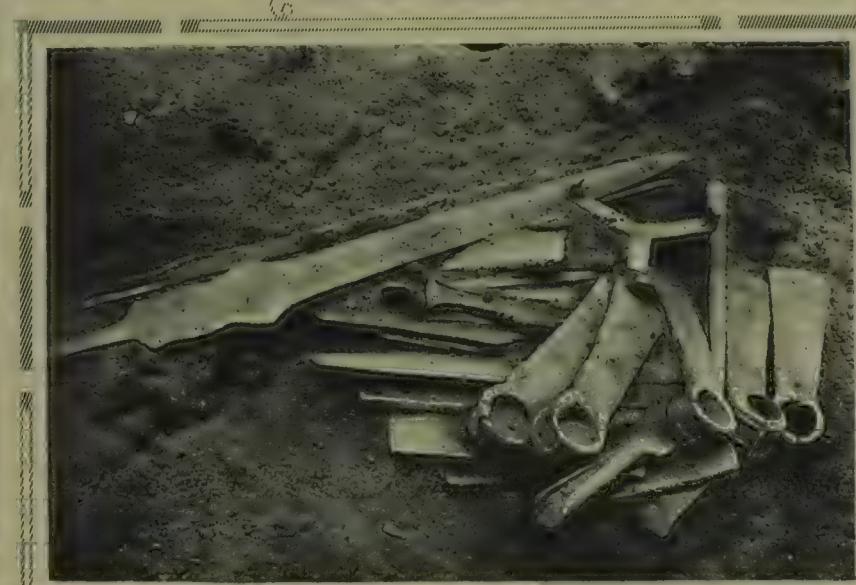


FIG. 23. PART OF A WONDERFUL HOARD OF SEVENTY-FOUR BRONZE WEAPONS AND TOOLS: A PILE *IN SITU*, SHOWING (AT THE TOP) FOUR SWORDS ABOUT A YARD LONG.



FIG. 24. AMONG THE RUINS OF THE ROYAL LIBRARY WHERE THE NEW SCRIPT WAS DISCOVERED: A VIEW SHOWING (IN CENTRE) A STONE GUTTER FOR DRAINING OFF RAIN-WATER.

The greatest "sensation" of the recent discoveries in Syria, described by Professor Schaeffer on page 764, was that of a number of tablets inscribed with cuneiform texts in a hitherto unknown language. Up to the present these have not been deciphered, but they represent a new phase in the development of writing which is of the highest interest. After having explored the tombs at Minet-el-Beida, the expedition proceeded to search for the palace and town to which they belonged, and found the site on the promontory of Ras Shamra. The finding of a statue of a Pharaoh, with some Egyptian stelae of the New Empire period, fixed the date of the palace in the second millennium B.C., and showed that the Ras Shamra kings were friends or allies of Egypt. Evidence of their diplomatic relations was found in "an entire library of terra-cotta tablets covered with cuneiform texts." Some of these resembled those of Tell el Amarna (the city on the Nile founded by Tutankhamen's predecessor, Akhenaten), containing correspondence

FIG. 25. BEARING ENIGMATIC CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS, PERHAPS INDICATING PROPERTY OF ONE OF THE KINGS OF RAS SHAMRA: TWO SPECIMENS OF BRONZE WEAPONS.



between 18th-Dynasty Pharaohs and Syrian rulers. One of the new Ras Shamra letters names three towns hitherto unknown. "But what makes this discovery particularly interesting—indeed, quite sensational," writes Professor Schaeffer, "is that most of the tablets are written in a new script, quite unknown before. This script is already alphabetic, as it uses only 26 signs." Near these tablets was a wonderful hoard of bronze weapons and tools, including swords, daggers, lances, axes, arrows, spades, sickles, and scissors."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE SLEEP OF ANIMALS: CURIOUS HABITS AND POSTURES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

Oh, sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !

THE rapidly shortening days, and the consequent lowering of the temperature, which begin with October are, perhaps, more fully and swiftly realised by those who live in the country than by the town-dwellers. For both in the flower-garden and in the field the change is forced home in no uncertain way. The twilight is no longer enlivened by the flitting bats and droning beetles, while all day long the leaves have been falling and the flowers waning. Our summer birds, too, have gone. The cuckoo, nightjar, swift, swallow, warblers—all have been compelled to seek sunlight elsewhere. They leave us not so much because of the absence of sunlight, but because of the absence of food, since they are insect-eaters; and the insects, for the most part, feed on the plants which drop their leaves in the autumn, and either die down completely or pass into what we may, with a little poetic license, call their winter sleep.

A quite surprisingly large number of animals are profoundly affected by this winter sleep of the plants, and of these all save the birds have themselves to evade starvation through the gateway of sleep. To do this, they have, during the autumn, to lay up a store of fat which is gradually absorbed as the months pass. In some, however, sleep is intermittent, and such are always creatures which can

(*Aryamidae*), crowd together in ball-like masses. The Australian wood-swallows are said to perform thefeat while clinging to the *under*-side of the bough. Only some can grip this foothold; the rest must cling to one another, though how they contrive to

which arrange themselves on the ground in a circle with the tails towards the centre, so that they may be awakened at the slightest alarm. Similarly, ducks settle on the water, and keep moving in a circle by slowly paddling with one foot. Some animals, like the hare, and snakes, sleep with the eyes open, but, nevertheless, they are unconscious of what is going on, for the nerves of the eye are resting, and take no record of any pictures that are thrown upon the retina.

The sloth, and those strange lemurs, the slow-loris and the potto, sleep suspended by the feet, back downwards, as will be seen in the adjoining photographs (Figs. 3 and 4). The slow-loris, however, has evidently just awakened, for during slumber the head is thrust between the fore-legs. The behaviour of fish in this matter is indeed interesting. Some, like the mackerel, seem never to sleep, or they are "sleep-walkers." Some years ago, I saw a small school of them in a tank at the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth, and I was told that careful watch had been kept on them day and night for months. Throughout the entire time they kept up an unceasing circuit of the tank, the school breaking up only when food was thrown to them. If ducks keep moving while they sleep, there is no reason why mackerel should not do the same.

But some fishes undoubtedly sleep, and in a way peculiar to their tribe. The wrasses alone, among fishes, so far as is known, lie down on their sides to sleep. Others, like our fresh-water fish, Mr. Boulenger records, rest upon the bottom in a horizontal position, and this habit is shared by many marine



FIG. 1. DOWNTY CHICKS OF THE EMPEROR PENGUIN VAINLY TRY TO SLEEP IN THE SAME ATTITUDE AS THEIR PARENTS.

The very young chicks have apparently not yet acquired the knack of sleeping after the adult fashion, perhaps because the beak is too short, as yet, to stay in the required position. Sometimes, as in the youngster on the right, the head is simply dropped upon the breast.

do so is a mystery ! Why do cats and dogs curl up the body when sleeping ? I say nothing now of the preliminary ritual before settling down. Snakes invariably sleep coiled up. This "doubled-up" position must be regarded as common to the human race, though there are exceptions to this rule. Primitive man buried his dead in this posture, for they, too, were "asleep."

To return for a moment to the birds in this connection. We generally describe them as sleeping with the head "under the wing." This is not really the case, for, as a matter of fact, they only thrust the beak among the feathers between the arm and the body. But what induces the position is a mystery. So ingrained is the habit that even penguins, which have no really "loose" feathers, assume this attitude, which was admirably portrayed (Fig. 2) by the late Dr. Edward Wilson, now sleeping under Antarctic snows. I can see him now, as he described to me, in the animated fashion that was so curiously his own, the efforts of the downy chicks to sleep after the fashion of the "grown-ups," and their failure (Fig. 1). For they sometimes dropped into dreamland with the beak resting on the breast, and sometimes with the beak resting on the outside of the wing, instead of after the manner of the parents. Some birds sleep in companies, like partridges,



FIG. 3. A STRANGE LEMUR THAT SLEEPS SUSPENDED BY THE FEET: THE SLOW-LORIS.

During sleep the body is suspended from the underside of a bough, and the tail is coiled round it. In this photograph the animal has been disturbed, causing it to withdraw its head from between its front legs, to seek the cause which has spoiled its "nap."—[Photograph by D. Seth Smith.]

species. Others, he finds, like the black-bass, the climbing-perch, and the bitterling, rest upon rocks or any other support they can find in mid-water. A few pass the night in slumber, just above the river-bottom, as, for example, the roach and dace, the sea-bream and the sun-fish. But the chub, orfe, sea-bass, angel-fish (*Pterophyllum*), and barbels—to mention but a few from this list—sleep at the surface. "One of the most interesting features," Mr. Boulenger remarks, "of my night walks in the aquarium was the light cast upon the ways of the young mullet. These fish during the day swim round and round their tank in a shoal, alert and eager for the slightest hint of a meal. Feeding-time breaks up the shoal into a whirling, darting mass—every fish looking after its own interests. At night it is again a case of every fish for itself, but in a different fashion. The shoal is split up. The fish are quiescent just above the tank floor, and every unit is separated, facing a different point of the compass. As soon as disturbed, however, they join forces in mid-tank, but do not swim actively about as in the day-time. Similarly, a shoal of golden rudd, the members of which keep together when it is light, separate at night."



FIG. 2. THE EMPEROR PENGUIN ASLEEP: THE COMMON ATTITUDE OF BIRDS IN SLEEP ADOPTED EVEN BY ONE WITHOUT LOOSE FEATHERS.

Birds when asleep do not "tuck the head under the wing," but thrust the beak between the arm-pit and the body.

find food with a little hunting, or which, like squirrels, have a food-hoard that they can visit at need.

There are subtle differences between the protracted sleep, lasting for weeks or months on end, and ordinary sleep, lasting but a few hours. What that difference is we have not yet discovered. This "ordinary" sleep presents some strange aspects, and it is of these that I want now more especially to speak, my interest in the theme having been aroused by some curious facts recently collected by my friend Mr. E. G. Boulenger, the Director of that wonderful aquarium at the "Zoo." To these I shall refer more particularly presently.

A beginning may well be made by considering the positions assumed during sleep, for they are surprisingly varied. Why do horses and elephants so commonly sleep standing ? Many birds invariably do, and standing, too, upon one leg, as do the storks, for instance. Some, such as the bats, and certain small parrots of the genus *Loriculus*, sleep hanging head downwards, suspended by their feet ! Some, like our long-tailed tit-mouse, the crested tree-swift of India, the African mouse-birds, and the wood-swallows

FIG. 4. AN ANIMAL THAT LIVES (AND SLEEPS) UPSIDE DOWN: THE THREE-TOED SLOTH.

The sloths, of which there are several species, spend their whole lives suspended, after this fashion, by the feet, the claws having assumed the form of hooks. When asleep the head is tucked between the forelegs.

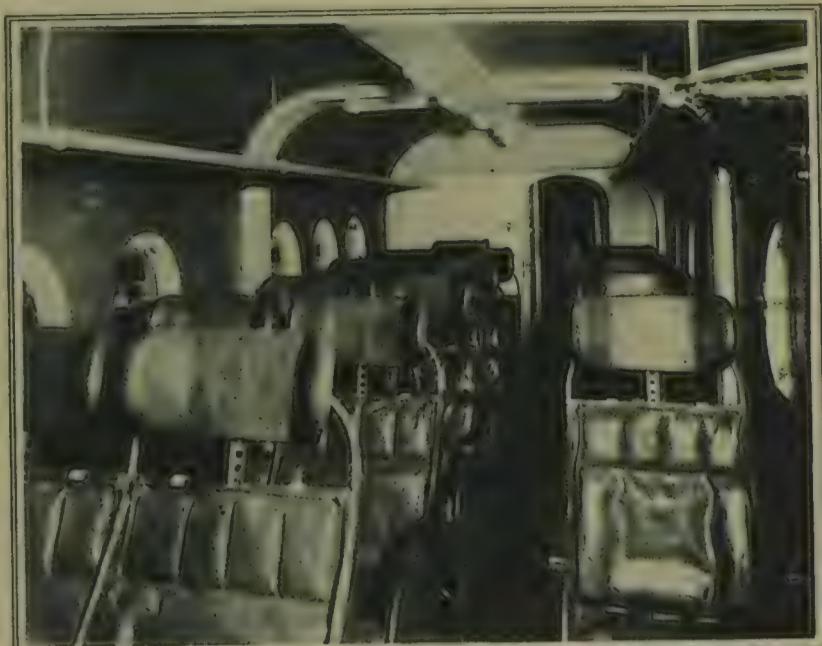
Photograph by D. Seth Smith.



THE DISASTER TO THE "CITY OF ROME": THE ILL-FATED FLYING-BOAT WHICH WAS LOST IN A STORM IN THE GULF OF GENOA.

It was announced on October 28 that it was feared that the flying-boat "City of Rome," engaged in the Indian Air Mail service, and flying between Alexandria and Genoa, had been lost during a gale in the Gulf of Genoa on the Saturday; with a crew of three, and four passengers. Unfortunately, the news of disaster was confirmed. At the moment of writing, details are not very precise; but it can be said that the flying-boat was forced to alight on the water off the Tuscan coast, midway between Bocca d'Arno and Viareggio. At once, she sent out distress signals, for she was floating on a violent sea. Her wireless was re-broadcast by Italian stations; but the first vessel to reach the "City of Rome" was the tug "Famiglia," which had no wireless. Owing to the wild weather, this craft could not get at the passengers and crew, but took the flying-boat in tow. After a quarter-of-

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT: A DISASTER; ROYAL PLANES; NEW ENTERPRISES.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF A SISTER CRAFT OF THE "CITY OF ROME": IN THE PASSENGER-CABIN OF THE FLYING-BOAT "CALCUTTA."

an-hour, the cable parted, and a few minutes afterwards those aboard the tug lost sight of the plane. The "Famiglia" cruised about; but could find nothing. There can be no doubt that the three members of the crew and the four passengers have all perished.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE AS TRAVELLERS BY AIR: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW "D.H. GIPSY MOTH" (LEFT), AND THE "BLUE MOTH" ON WHICH HE FIRST FLEW, WHICH IS NOW USED BY HIS BROTHER, PRINCE GEORGE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NORTHOLT AERODROME.

As is generally known, the Prince of Wales now makes a number of official journeys by air, and he has landing-grounds near Windsor and Sandringham. As a rule, when on public business, he uses a Service aeroplane, piloted by Squadron-Leader Don, but he has also a private aeroplane, a two-seater "D.H. Gipsy Moth," which he bought quite recently at a cost of £675. His old "Blue Moth" is now frequently employed by his brother, Prince George. His Royal Highness's new machine (whose pilot is Mr. E. H. Fielden, the Prince's personal pilot) is fitted with slotted wings, a most valuable safety device to prevent stalling. It has dual controls, so that the Prince, who has become an expert, can take charge when he will. H.R.H. has been practising landings at Northolt Aerodrome, one of the Service air-stations, in company, of course, with his pilot-instructor. His private aeroplane is

becoming a familiar sight to the people living in Windsor and its district. The Duke of York and Prince Henry have also flown on occasion.



A MOTORLESS 'PLANE FLIGHT OF 14½ HOURS!: LIEUTENANT DINORT, OF GERMANY, IN HIS GLIDER WHILE SETTING UP A NEW RECORD.

On October 21, Lieut. Dinort landed at Rossitten at 6 a.m. after having remained in the air in his motorless glider for 14½ hours, and thus setting up a record for such aircraft. Air-gliding, it may be added, is extremely popular in Germany, where there are no fewer than 200 Glider Clubs. Such "machines" are launched from the slopes of hills, and are given a short run before being catapulted into the air with the aid of long elastic ropes. A portrait of Lieut. Dinort is given on our Personal Page.



MOVING PICTURES IN THE PASSENGER-CABIN OF AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT: AN ENTERTAINMENT IN THE "CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS."

Describing the scene here shown, a correspondent writes: "The Transcontinental Air Transport, in co-operation with the Universal Pictures Corporation, has introduced motion pictures for the entertainment of its passengers. A Dunograph projector, weighing only 6½ lb., showed six reels of comedy and news-reels for half-an-hour during the ten-hour ride on the "City of Indianapolis" between Columbus, Ohio, and Waynoka, Oklahoma. The same thing was done during the second lap of a trip to Los Angeles."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



EDISON'S OLD LABORATORY IN WHICH HE LATELY RE-ENACTED THE MEMORABLE EXPERIMENT OF 1879 THAT PERFECTED HIS INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LAMP.

As noted in our last issue, Mr. Thomas A. Edison, the great American inventor (now aged eighty-two), attended on October 21 the jubilee celebration of his perfecting his first incandescent electric lamp on that date in 1879. The celebrations were held on Mr. Henry Ford's Dearborn estate at Greenfield, Michigan, where Mr. Ford had re-erected Edison's old laboratory, with some other buildings, transported 1000 miles across country from Edison's former home at Menlo Park, New Jersey. Standing

(Continued above.)

THE OLD-FASHIONED TRAIN THAT BROUGHT MR. EDISON TO DEARBORN: SMITH'S CREEK STATION, WHERE, AS A BOY, HE WAS EJECTED FROM A SIMILAR TRAIN.

in his old laboratory, with his assistant of fifty years ago, Dr. Jelh, beside him, and using the original apparatus, Edison re-enacted the historic experiment in the presence of a distinguished company, including Mme. Curie (the discoverer of radium) and President and Mrs. Hoover. Among the congratulatory messages received was one from the Prince of Wales and another from Commander Byrd in the Antarctic. In 1862, when Mr. Edison was a newsboy peddling papers, he was ejected from a train (similar to that shown above) at the same station—Smith's Creek—seen in the photograph.



THE FIRST AMERICAN DWELLING LIT BY ELECTRICITY: SALLY JORDAN'S BOARDING HOUSE—ONE OF THE OLD BUILDINGS FROM EDISON'S FORMER HOME RE-ERECTED AT DEARBORN BY MR. HENRY FORD.



EFFECTS OF SOVIET BOMBS AT POGRANICHNAIA, MANCHURIA: (LEFT) WRECKED SHOPS; (RIGHT) RAILWAY TRUCKS ON FIRE AND BODIES OF CHINESE.

It was reported on October 28 that the Russians were concentrating large forces at Blagoveshchansk, on the Manchurian front, and that the Chinese Government at Nanking seemed to be resigned to war. The trouble is a long-standing dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway. Our photographs illustrate the results of an attack by Soviet forces, on September 7 and 8, at Pogranichnaia, on the eastern border of Manchuria. The town was subjected to artillery fire and bombing by aeroplanes, followed by an infantry attack, with heavy casualties on both sides.



INVENTED BY A BRITISH PRECURSOR OF EDISON: "THE FIRST INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LAMP . . . MADE IN 1877 (CIRCA) BY SIR (THEN MR.) JOSEPH WILSON SWAN." While according due praise to Edison as an inventor, the Editor of "The Electrician" states (in reference to the jubilee of his electric lamp of 1879) that "a British inventor, the late Sir Joseph Swan, produced in December 1878 his first successful carbon filament lamp, ten months before Edison's achievement; that upon Swan's invention was built up the great industry of electric-lamp manufacture; and that on Dec. 20, 1928, the Institution of Electrical Engineers celebrated the 50th anniversary of the invention of the incandescent electric lamp by Sir Joseph Swan."



CHURCH IN A "GLASS CASE": AN INTERESTING RELIC OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS IN PENNSYLVANIA PRESERVED UNDER A GLASS-WALLED SUPERSTRUCTURE.

"This photograph," says a descriptive note supplied with it, "shows the 200-year-old church building at Hershey, Pa., within the glass case which is intended to preserve it, along with its contents, as a relic of Colonial days. The building is the original one used by the congregation of Derry Church, one of the first Christian settlements in Pennsylvania, and is of log and clapboard construction. Among other antique items, it contains a communion set presented by the King of England in 1783, and the pulpit of the original Derry Church, built in 1730."



THE RECORD "CROWD" TAKEN FOR A FLIGHT IN ONE MACHINE: THE GIANT GERMAN FLYING-BOAT, "DO.X," WITH THE 169 PEOPLE SHE CARRIED.

In our last issue we have already illustrated the giant Dornier flying-boat, "Do.X," in connection with her memorable flight over Lake Constance, on October 21, with 169 persons on board (159 passengers and 10 crew), the greatest number of people ever carried all at once in any type of aircraft. The above photograph, however, is of special interest as showing the actual men and women—forming a veritable "crowd"—standing beside the huge machine in which they had their unique experience.



A MISHAP TO A PACIFIC LINER: THE "EMPEROR OF CANADA" (SINCE RE-FLOATED AND TAKEN TO DRY DOCK) AGROUND AT ALBERT HEAD, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA. The Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Canada" went aground at noon, Sunday, October 13, in dense fog, near Albert Head. Tugs were immediately sent to her, and the ninety-six passengers left the ship. Two days later the liner was re-floated and towed to Esquimalt dry dock. On the 18th it was announced that she would be ready to inaugurate the new Vancouver-Honolulu-Orient service, and would replace the "Empress of France" at Hong-Kong on November 4.



THE ARAB STRIKE IN JERUSALEM AS A PROTEST AGAINST THE BALFOUR DECLARATION: SHOPS CLOSED AT THE JAFFA GATE, BUT NO DISTURBANCES. Writing from Jerusalem on October 16, a "Times" correspondent said: "The Arabs had their general strike to-day. In the Old City all shops were closed, whether Arab or Jewish, and the bazaars were deserted. In the New City only the Jewish shops were open, and only Jewish cars were on the roads. This morning British troops marched through the main streets of the New City with a band." There were no disturbances.



EFFECTS OF THE WORST HURRICANE FOR SIXTY YEARS IN THE BAHAMAS: DEVASTATION IN ONE OF THE MAIN WATER-FRONT BOULEVARDS AT NASSAU.



AFTER THE GREAT HURRICANE IN THE BAHAMAS: A GARDEN AT NASSAU SILTED UP WITH SAND AND STREWN WITH WRECKAGE OF TREES AND HOUSES. A severe hurricane, described as the worst for sixty years, struck the Bahamas on September 26. "The storm," writes a correspondent from Nassau, the chief town, "blew harder, lasted longer, and did more damage than any hurricane within memory. Hardly a building escaped. Though the number of lives lost is said to be under twenty, the damage is appalling. Government House was unroofed, churches and shops collapsed, smaller houses were turned upside down, boats were flung inland or smashed on the reefs. In many places the boulevards around the island have been washed away."

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NOTES ON RECENT EVENTS.



THE FINEST MANSION IN HEREFORDSHIRE PRESENTED, ANONYMOUSLY, TO THE COUNTY COUNCIL, WITH 340 ACRES: HOLME LACY—THE SOUTH FRONT. The famous Holme Lacy estate has lately been presented, by a lady who wishes to remain anonymous, to the Herefordshire County Council. The present house was built early in the eighteenth century. The Scudamore family owned the estate in the time of Edward III. Afterwards it passed to the Stanhopes, and twenty years ago it was bought by the late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth for about £200,000. Later it was sold to Mr. Noel Wills.



TRIBAL TENSION IN KENYA: A TYPICAL WARRIOR OF THE LUMBWA TRIBE WHO ARE HEREDITARY FOES OF THE MASAI.

There has of late been much tension between the Lumbwa and Masai tribes, who are traditional enemies, in Kenya Colony, and on October 15 news came that, after rival cattle raids, the Masai had collected a force of 200 armed warriors to attack the Lumbwa, but that a conflict had been averted by the European constable, named Slatter, who interviewed both sides and induced the excited tribesmen to return home. The Governor of Kenya Colony, Sir Edward Grigg, has since toured the districts affected. In a statement to the Legislative Council at Nairobi, on October 22, he said that there was a growing tendency to lawlessness among the young men of fighting age in the South Lumbwa Reserve, encouraged by medicine men. The position was complicated by the existence of European farms, alienated before the war to establish a buffer state between the warlike tribes. These farms were now occupied by Lumbwa squatters, so that the "buffer" no longer existed. Although nothing antagonistic to Europeans had occurred, there was a serious danger of collision, and also a grave and natural feeling of anxiety on the part of lonely settlers. The police force was being very largely increased, and the King's African Rifles would patrol the Masai Reserve till the police arrived.



A FINE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HALF-TIMBERED HOUSE THAT MAY BE TRANSPORTED TO AMERICA: LYMORE HALL, NEAR MONTGOMERY. Lymore Hall, near Montgomery, the property of the Earl of Powis, is one of the finest examples in Great Britain of a seventeenth-century black-and-white half-timbered mansion. A correspondent informs us that "it was sold recently for £300,000, and Americans are offering large sums for the house intact." It may be removed to the United States to be re-erected there, as was Astecroft Hall, formerly near Manchester. Lord Powis, finding the cost of preservation too great, offered Lymore to the nation, but the Office of Works declined it, through lack of funds.

SOME PERSONALITIES
OF THE WEEK:SIR GRAHAM
BALFOUR.

Famous for his fine work in connection with education. Died, October 21, in his seventy-first year. Director of Education, Staffordshire, 1903-1926. Biographer of Robert Louis Stevenson, who was his cousin.

PROFESSOR R. S.
RAIT, C.B.E.

Appointed Principal of the University of Glasgow, in succession to Sir Donald MacAlister. Historiographer Royal for Scotland and Professor of Scottish History and Literature at Glasgow University.



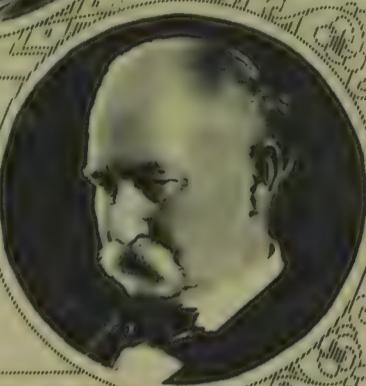
M. DALADIER.
Asked to form a Government to succeed M. Briand's. A Socialist-Radical. Chairman of the Radical Party. Minister for the Colonies in M. Herriot's first Government, 1924.

PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE

PUBLIC EYE.

FERNANDO DE
ROSA.

Arrested, charged with firing at the Crown Prince of Italy in Brussels. Born in Milan, 1908. Reported to have studied law in Paris. When under examination, first said that he had fired into the air.

MR. ALBERT B.
FALL.

Declared guilty, in the District Court at Washington, of accepting a bribe of £20,000 for granting a lease of the Elk Hills oil reserve to Mr. E. L. Doheny in 1921. A former Minister of Interior.



MR. U. F. DITEMAN.

A Montana cattle-rancher, aged thirty-two, who started a trans-Atlantic lone flight in emulation of that of Colonel Lindbergh, on October 22. Reported missing and presumed to have lost his life. Learned to fly a year ago. Married; with two children.



CAPTAIN L. S. BIRT.

Pilot of the ill-fated flying-boat "City of Rome" and one of the drowned. Aged twenty-seven. Before joining Imperial Airways was an R.A.F. flying-boat instructor and tested flying-boats for the Air Ministry. Was to have been married early next year.



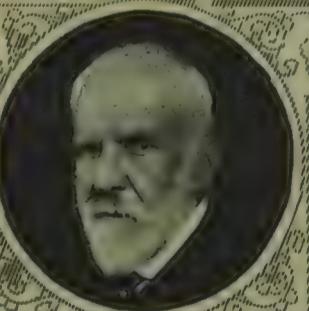
THE AIRMAN WHO HAS MADE A 14½-HOURS ENGINELESS-GLIDER FLIGHT: LIEUTENANT DINORT, OF GERMANY, ON HIS "MACHINE." (SEE PAGE 769)

Gliding in the air is much encouraged in Germany, where it has become, as it were, a speciality. Recently, Lieut. Dinort set up a new world's record for motorless flying by remaining in the air in his glider for 14½ hours.



PROFESSOR T. F. TOUT.

Famous medieval historian. Died on October 23, aged 74. Hon. Professor, Manchester University, where he filled the History Chair, 1890-1925. Wrote much on his subject.



SIR VALENTINE CHIROL.

Formerly Director of the Foreign Department of the "Times." Died, October 22, in his seventy-eighth year. Began as a clerk in the Foreign Office. Travelled extensively. Retired in 1912.



GENERAL VON LETTOW-VORBECK.

Commanded the German forces in East Africa throughout the Great War, and surrendered only after the Armistice had been signed. To meet General Smuts, his old opponent, at the forthcoming dinner in London for all who served in the East African Campaign. Is to be the guest of the evening, with General Smuts in the chair.



PRINCE VON BÜLOW.

Died on October 28, aged eighty. A former German Chancellor, and famous as advocating a big German Navy, with the words: "We do not wish to put anyone in the shade, but we demand our place in the sun." Rebuked the Kaiser for an indiscreet interview in 1908. Sought to persuade Italy not to join the Allies.



MR. JAMES LILLYWHITE.

Famous in the world of cricket, and of a famous cricketing family. Captain of the first Test Match played against Australia—season 1876-77. Born, February 23, 1842; died, October 25.



MR. FREDERICK PALMER.

To supervise the construction of the new Charing Cross Bridge and the repair of Waterloo Bridge. A fine colour picture of Waterloo Bridge (by Algernon Newton) is in our next issue.

The Greatest of the French Pastellists Portrayed in Pastel.



"PORTRAIT OF M. QUENTIN DE LA TOUR": A PASTEL BY JEAN BAPTISTE PERRONNEAU.

Maurice Quentin de la Tour, the subject of this pastel portrait by a compatriot and a contemporary, Jean Baptiste Perronneau, was himself the greatest of the French pastellists. He was born in 1704 at St. Quentin, a town afterwards to become famous in the Great War, and died there in 1783. Many of his finest works are in the Louvre, including his masterpiece, the portrait of Madame de Pompadour.

FROM THE PASTEL BY J. B. PERRONNEAU, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF THE ARTS, ST. QUENTIN.

This was reproduced in colour-gravure in our issue of July 28, 1928. After a visit to London early in his career, he once set up in Paris as an English portrait-painter. Perronneau was also distinguished for his crayon drawings. The above example was exhibited in the Salon of 1750 under the title "Portrait de M. de la Tour, peintre du Roi, en surtout noir."

In an Old Dutch Garden at the Cape: A Vision of Bygone Days in South Africa.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"GAY AND GALLANT BEAUX": AN IDYLL OF 17TH-CENTURY SOUTH AFRICA EVOVED TO

One is often tempted to think of South Africa as a new country wholly in the pioneering stage, but in reality the history of its settlement dates back to 1652, and among the numerous attractions of this Dominion are its delightful old homesteads—a blend of Dutch, Flemish, and French styles of architecture—which go back in their origin to the seventeenth century. Our artist has depicted here an idyll of the Cape "Long Ago" in which the generation of to-day looks back, as through a romantic veil in the moonlit garden of this old Dutch homestead, on their forebears of two hundred years ago receiving their friends in the courtly old-world way of the period. The spirit of the charm and romance of these glorious old Dutch homes of the Cape, and its early picturesqueness of life, has been admirably caught by Ian D. Colvin in a little poem entitled "Old Cape Colony," which was published in his volume on South Africa in the "Romance of Empire" series (T. C. and E. C. Jack). Mr. Colvin speaks of "broad streets of pleasant shade and houses plain and white": of "gay and gallant beaux, with

MODERN EYES IN THE GARDEN OF ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL OLD DUTCH HOMESTEADS.

silken coats and hose and hats beneath their arms, ogling the ladies' charms"; and of "sailors tawny-faced with shawls about the waist and pistols silver-hashed." Those were the spacious days when the Cape was a fashionable military station, and Cape Town the "half-way" house between Europe and the East, before the opening of the Suez Canal. To-day South Africa, if anything, has grown into greater favour as a realm of travel, and the classic charm of its old-world homes and gardens, coupled with the beauty of the lovely vineyards and orchards at the Cape, are features that add greatly to the attractiveness of travel in this sunny Dominion, particularly during the cold winter months of the Northern Hemisphere. Any of our readers who are interested in these features of South African travel can readily obtain all the information on the subject which they may require on application to The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

The Charm of the Japanese Colour Print: Hiroshige Masterpieces.

HIROSHIGE, the famous Japanese artist, was born at Edo in 1797, near the end of the golden age of colour prints known as *ukiyo-ye* ("mirror of the passing world"), and he has been called "the last great master" of that school, which was already on the decline. He died on September 6, 1858.



"A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN SNOW": A COLOUR-PRINT BY HIROSHIGE FROM A SERIES OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE POEMS. (14½ BY 10½ INCHES.)



"PRAWNS AND MACKEREL": AN EXAMPLE OF HIROSHIGE'S LOVE OF NATURE. (SIZE OF ORIGINAL, 10½ BY 14½ INCHES.)

Hiroshige was the son of a hereditary fire official under the Shogunate government at Edo, and it was through the prestige of this family office that he became famous. In the introduction to the volume (mentioned below) from which these examples of his art are taken, Mr. Jiro Harada writes: "It was customary for the Shogun to present every year horses from his stables in Edo to the Emperor in Kyoto. In the year (1830) following his teacher's death, we find Hiroshige with the party that went on that mission.

(Continued below)



"GION SHRINE IN SNOW": ONE OF A SET OF TEN VIEWS OF KYOTO, BY HIROSHIGE, ABOUT 1835. (SIZE OF ORIGINAL, 8½ BY 13½ INCHES.)

Continued

The trip opened his eyes to a new field, to a greater possibility for his work. He was simply inspired by different scenes along the Tokaido (the highway between Edo and Kyoto). Upon the sketches he then made, his famous Tokaido series, consisting of 55 single sheets containing many a masterpiece, was evolved, and was published four years later, *i.e.*, in 1834, which immortalised his name. . . . He must have made many other and extensive trips through different parts of the country in all seasons of the year. In this connection we are told of the touching devotion of his wife, who sold her combs, hairpins, and clothes (for Hiroshige was by no means well off, having already disposed of his hereditary office), and enabled him to travel about the country for three years, sketching and studying from nature. . . . Hiroshige was pre-eminently a landscape print artist, a keen observer of Nature in all her moods. Especially was he great in expressing different natural phenomena, such as snow, rain, mist, dawn and night. . . . It was in a new realism that he expressed himself, and he was understood by the

REPRODUCED FROM "MASTERS OF THE COLOUR PRINT. VI. - HIROSHIGE." WITH INTRODUCTION BY JIRO HARADA. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, "THE STUDIO," LTD.



"WILD DUCK IN SNOW": ONE OF HIROSHIGE'S "BIRD AND FLOWER" SERIES. (SIZE 14½ BY 6½ INCHES.)

common people, being unaffected by the idealistic tradition and the Chinese convention in art, from which other artists have been unable to free themselves."

A CAUTIONARY TALE: LUDWIG ON WAR-GUILT.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"JULY 1914": By EMIL LUDWIG.*
(PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM.)



THE MURDERS AT SARAJEVO, WHICH LED TO THE GREAT WAR: THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR CAR ON THE FATAL DAY, JUNE 28, 1914.

THE war-guilt belongs to all Europe; researches in every country have proved this. Germany's exclusive "guilt" or Germany's innocence are fairy-tales for children on both sides of the Rhine. What country wanted the war? Let us put a different question: What circles in every country wanted, facilitated, or began the war? If, instead of a horizontal section through Europe, we take a vertical section through society, we find that the sum of guilt was in the Cabinets, the sum of innocence in the streets of Europe.

"In no country had the man at the machine, in the workshop, or at the plough any desire to break the peace, or any interest in doing so. Everywhere the lower classes feared war, and fought against it till the eleventh hour. The Cabinets, on the other hand, the War Offices and interested circles that worked with them, the ministers, generals, admirals, war contractors, and journalists, were driven forward by ambition and fear, by incapacity and greed, and drove the masses forward in their turn. The less control a Government had to fear, the heavier is its historical responsibility. For this reason, while exact calculations of relative responsibility are impossible, one can say that Vienna and Petersburg stand first; Berlin and Paris, their seconds, follow them, although at very different intervals; London comes a long way after. . . .

"This book is a study of the stupidity of the men who in 1914 were all-powerful, and of the true instinct of those who, at that time, were powerless. It is *international* in outlook, and shows how a peaceable, industrious, sensible mass, of 500 millions, was hounded by a few dozen incapable leaders, by falsified documents, lying stories of threats, and chauvinistic catchwords, into a war which was in no way destined or inevitable."

That is a very long extract; but it is well that I should give it, for nothing could better present the case that Emil Ludwig argues; nothing better explain why his dedication is "To our sons—in warning"; nothing better account for the quotation chosen for his title-page—Ballin's "A man need not have been a Bismarck to prevent this most idiotic of all wars."

Many will disagree vigorously and vehemently with his assumptions and his conclusions; but, in these days of coings in the Continents, at least as many will support his plea for a World Court of Arbitration. "There is only this alternative: either to do it now, or to wait for another war."

"The stupidity of the men who in 1914 were all-powerful." That is the phase that preoccupies him; and he seeks to demonstrate until Q.E.D. may be written, not only the lunacy of mutual distrust, "the mistrust usual among Allies," but the dangers of a surfeit of nationalism, "balance of power," boundary jealousies, and Revenge; the perils of personal prides, enmities, and prejudices; the fumblings and the blunderings that are born of hidebound customs, secret diplomacy, steel-clad systems, swollen armaments, and cherishing of caste.

More, he claims that there is now nothing against complete understanding. "The documents are not insufficient . . . rather, they are over-abundant. The origin of the recent war is known to us more

* "July 1914." By Emil Ludwig, Author of "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," "Napoleon," etc. Translated by C. A. Macartney. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 10s. 6d. net.)

exactly than that of any earlier war in history. It is only those who wish to darken European counsel in nationalist interests that still throw the dust of the archives in our eyes."

He opens his "J'accuse," as he must, with the shooting of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife in the streets of Sarajevo, the Sarajevo that was full of assassins; with the murders that gave Leopold, Count Berchtold, von und zu Ungarschitz, Fratting, and Pullitz, Minister of the Imperial and Royal Household and of the Foreign Affairs

Thus thought Berchtold, according to Ludwig, whose villain-of-the-piece he is.

Then, in tragic sequence, are scares and counter-scares, plots and plans, foresight and futilities; Imperial and Royal, Grand-Ducal, ambassadorial, naval, military, and ministerial meetings in all the capitals concerned; prattling of prestige; cock-sureness and quavering; wreathed menaces; the shaking of heads and sabres; courtly chicanery; ships of State veering under vacillating Captains; part-mobilisations, orders it was "technically impossible" to cancel, "state of danger of war," mobilisations—and War.

The Machine moved at the bidding of the be-dizened. What of the fustian-clad Men-in-the-Streets who had to serve the mechanism until they died, or fell mangled by its relentless wheels and rending cogs, or lived to tell of its horrid wonders, of its cruelties, of the fascination of its grim rhythm?

"Frieden! Frieden! Wir wollen keinen Krieg!" comes the shout of a thousand voices from the Brandenburger Tor, round the corner of the broad Wilhelmstrasse; and mingling with the scent of fading limes, an exhalation from the sweat-soaked garments of the thousand mounts to the windows of the low long Ministerial Offices.

"Frieden! Frieden! Nieder mit dem Krieg!" In the same hour the shout goes up from the Burg-ring in Vienna; from the steps in front of Parliament's locked and bolted doors it is carried over the tree-tops of the crowded Volksgarten to the baroque windows of the Ballhausplatz.

"A bas la guerre! Vive la paix!" In the same hour the shout rings over from the two great bridges on the Seine to the Quai d'Orsay; the tramp of feet is borne to the dark windows of the Elysée. . . .

"Peace! Peace! No war!" In the same hour the shout goes up from Trafalgar Square; and from the steps of the greatest of war-memorials the champions of peace demand peace for the world.

"Only in Petersburg, at this hour, has that shouting been silenced, here knout and sabre, iron hoof and revolver, have dispersed the demonstrators, trampled them under foot, shot them down."

So it was to be again—in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in France, in England. And in Brussels, where the Socialist leaders of the lands had gathered together, Jaurès spoke, Jaurès who was to be shot in Paris on July the 31st, on the eve of the Call to the French Army: "I thank our German comrades in the name of the French, and I swear: 'We will continue to support them like brothers against the warmongers' Attila campaign, true till death."

Nevertheless, the "brothers" of Europe fought, and fought gallantly and desperately, the one against the other. Why? The answer is simple enough: indeed, it is obvious. Conjure up the wisdom of Stephen Decatur: "Our Country! In

[Continued on page 786.]



THE MURDERED PAIR AND THEIR FAMILY: THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA; HIS WIFE, THE DUCHESS OF HOHENBERG; AND THEIR CHILDREN.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand would have succeeded the Emperor Francis Joseph. His wedding, which was morganatic, took place on July 1, 1900. There were three children of the marriage: Princess Sophie and Prince Maximilian and Ernest.

of the United Kingdoms and Provinces, a Hell-sent chance to combat a Greater Serbia and decided him to do so despite the risk of Russia and France entering the lists; especially as Berlin might be expected to move. "When will such an opportunity come again? Assassination of a Royal personage has an automatic effect on Wilhelm: punitive expedition on the Chinese pattern, conspiracy against the Imperial House, mailed fist, shining armour. Full-dress uniform, then; autograph letter from the Old Gentleman."



A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THEY WERE ASSASSINATED, A CRIME WHICH WAS THE PRELUDE TO AUSTRIA'S "SHARP" ULTIMATUM TO SERBIA—AND THE GREAT WAR: THE ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND AND HIS WIFE LEAVING THE TOWN HALL AT SARAJEVO TO ENTER THEIR CAR.

Two attempts were made on the lives of the Archduke and his wife on the fatal June 28, 1914, in Sarajevo. A small bomb was thrown as the royal car was being driven to the Town Hall. It hit the hood and rebounded; to burst by the next car. On the return, an unannounced route was to have been taken, but a blunder was made and the car turned into the Franz Joseph Strasse, part of the original route. Suddenly, two shots rang out. At the Government Buildings, a Franciscan monk gave absolution. "A quarter of an hour later, death has come to the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Este, heir-apparent to the Hapsburg Monarchy. A few minutes before him died Sophie, Countess Chotek, Duchess of Hohenberg, the only human being in whom this misanthrope trusted."

ASSOCIATED WITH "OLD GROG"
AND WITH THE WASHINGTONS.

AN HISTORIC MODEL OF VERNON'S
FLAGSHIP, THE "BURFORD."

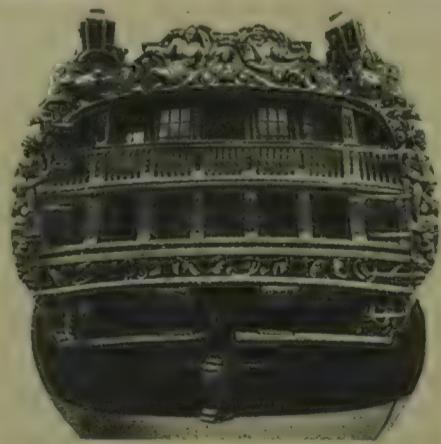


REPRESENTING THE SEVENTY-GUNNER IN WHICH "OLD GROG" VERNON FLEW HIS FLAG WHEN HE REDEEMED HIS PROMISE TO TAKE PORTO BELLO WITH SIX SHIPS: THE DOCKYARD MODEL OF H.M.S. "BURFORD" WHICH IS TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER.



THE MODEL OF THE "BURFORD"
IN ITS GEORGIAN MAHOGANY CASE.

Double interest attaches to this very fine dockyard model of H.M.S. "Burford," which is to be offered for sale at Sotheby's on November 15. "Nearly two centuries ago," as a writer in the "Times" pointed out the other day, "Admiral Edward Vernon, M.P. for Penryn, and better known afloat as 'Old Grog,' became celebrated by his challenge in Parliament to capture Porto Bello with six ships, a pledge which he redeemed on November 21, 1739. His flagship on that occasion was the 'Burford,' a 70-gun ship, which had previously served in 1727 at the defence of Gibraltar. . . . Its American interest is due to the fact that Laurence Washington, elder brother of George Washington, served under Admiral Vernon, and had it not been for his mother, George would also have entered the Royal Navy under the patronage of Vernon, who obtained for him a midshipman's warrant in 1746, when he was fourteen years of age." The "Burford" was built at Deptford in 1723, by Stacey, and the model is believed to be the only one known of this type of craft, which differed in rigging from any previous or any subsequent type, and was represented by some ten ships. The model is 55 inches long and 48 inches high. It belonged to Admiral Vernon, and has been handed down in the family of his descendants, one of whom is now the vendor. It is in a Georgian mahogany case. "Old Grog," by the way, got his nickname from his coat of grogram (a corruption of *gross-grain*), a coarse kind of taffeta; and hence "Grog" for the Navy's mixture of rum-and-water, which he introduced instead of neat rum.—[By COURTESY OF THE VENDOR, MR. CHARLES G. DASHWOOD, AND OF MESSRS. SOTHEBY.]



THE FINELY CARVED STERN OF THE MODEL
OF THE "BURFORD."

THE JOY OF YOUTH IN PORTRAITURE:
CHARMING WORK ON VIEW IN LONDON.



Few modern artists have caught the joyous spirit of youth, in the portrayal of children and young people still in their 'teens, so happily as Mr. I. M. Cohen, the well-known portrait-painter, who is at present holding a one-man exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. It is to remain open until November 15, and it is one that should not be missed. We illustrate here some of Mr. Cohen's charming pictures of the younger generation, including a niece

of the Duchess of York—Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, whose father is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. Although the young people predominate in the exhibition, their elders are also represented, among others Lady Clare King, Mrs. Roger Wethered, and Sir Bourchier Wrey. Mr. Cohen was born in Australia, and in 1905 won a travelling scholarship at the National Gallery of Victoria. In 1924 he was awarded the silver medal of the Société des Artistes Français.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ARCHAEOLOGY is a romantic pursuit, and, though the scientific excavator has to repress any temptation to indulge in flights of fancy, preserving "a taste exact for faultless fact," he is usually a romantic at heart, and, at any rate, he may be the cause that romance is in other men—and women. With infinite care and patience he uncovers relics of the past, establishes dates, deciphers inscriptions, and, learned in all the sciences, identifies the physical properties and uses of everything he disinters. Thus, with untiring zeal, he quarries the stone from which the literary architect can rebuild a buried city. Often he himself, realising that, for popular appeal, the pen is mightier than the spade, wields the two implements with equal skill.

Having had some little experience of the subject from a journalistic point of view, I did not expect to find much that was new to me in "THE PRIVATE LIFE OF TUTANKHAMEN." Love, Religion, and Politics at the Court of an Egyptian King. By G. R. Tabouis. With a Preface by Théodore Reinach. With sixteen Plates and numerous Text Illustrations (Routledge; 15s.). Turning over the pages, however, I was pleasantly surprised by the freshness of treatment. It was soon apparent that an imaginative writer with a turn for the dramatic and the picturesque, keeping closely to probabilities founded on the *data* of research, but free to state as a fact what the archaeologist must only suggest as an inference, can construct a narrative invested with all the allurements of a novel.

The author of the present volume is a Frenchwoman, and the translation by M. R. Dobie (whose name appears on the back of the title-page) reads so well as to make it seem like an original work in English. In a preface that indicates Tutankhamen's place in Egyptian history, M. Théodore Reinach says: "I am . . . full of admiration when a young, keen, scholarly mind, such as existed in Italy in the days of the Renaissance, tries in its turn to revive . . . Egyptian civilisation in its greatest days. . . . The short reign of Tutankhamen, whose well-concealed tomb was a few years ago the object of a memorable discovery and sensational excavations, is the moment chosen by Mlle. Tabouis as a setting for an attempt at reconstruction which is based on sound evidence and excellently set forth."

M. Reinach's allusion to the great discovery that made the obscure Tutankhamen's name a household word, is severely impersonal, and so is that in an unsigned foreword, presumably by the author herself; but she makes amends in a footnote towards the end of the book (on page 282, to be precise) by stating: "It is due to the magnificent discoveries, labours, and publications of Mr. Howard Carter, little known in France for lack of a translation, that I have been able to reconstruct the various ceremonies which attended Tutankhamen from his deathbed to his grave."

There are also frequent references to Mr. Carter's volumes in the other footnotes with which Mlle. Tabouis has documented the sources of her information, and his work figures also in a bibliography that indicates wide reading. Several of the illustrations will be familiar to our readers. I do not notice any mention of *The Illustrated London News* as having helped to spread the fame of Tutankhamen, but I feel sure that all those who appreciate the wonderful colour reproductions and other photographs of his funerary treasures, published from time to time in our pages, will also enjoy this entertaining story of his life. Among other things, it deals very fully and frankly with a phase of ancient Egyptian society hardly to be emphasised here—that is, the amours of a Pharaoh's Court and the intimacies of the harem.

In such matters the French writer's insistence on the voluptuous side of Tutankhamen's *entourage* contrasts

with the strictly decorous tone of a Scandinavian woman archaeologist, in "THE LAND OF THE SUN-GOD." Description of Ancient and Modern Egypt. By Hanna Rydh. Translated from the Swedish by Anna Barwell. With eighty-six Illustrations (George Allen and Unwin; 12s. 6d.). Here we turn from antiquity treated as historical romance to personal reminiscences of modern travel, where the archaeological interest, though strong, is incidental, and is mingled with observation and discussion of present-day life in Egypt, notably education and the position of women. "The Mohammedan girl (we read, in a chapter on the work of a Swedish schoolmistress in Egypt) soon learns that her only business in life is to get married as soon as possible. But she does not require any special knowledge to marry at fifteen or sixteen years of age. Marriage is not an institution with high ideals, love is an unseemly feeling, and, besides, how can any girl care for the husband whom her parents have chosen for her, and whom etiquette and morality alike absolutely forbid her seeing before the actual marriage ceremony?"

pomp, and supplied with an equipment absolutely fabulous in its magnificence?" The explanation is that it was "a public reward" from the priesthood of Amen for the boy-king's acquiescence in overthrowing the "reformed religion" of his predecessor, the "Heretic" Pharaoh Akhenaten.

Our young Pharaoh also occupies his niche in the total story of human art as told, from the beginning until now, with a wealth of interesting detail and comment, in "THE PAINTER IN HISTORY." By Ernest H. Short (author of "A History of Sculpture" and "An Introduction to World History"). With 116 Illustrations (Philip Allan; 30s.). "The first civilisation (we read) to depart from the non-representational paintings of the hunter and the herdsman would seem to have been in Egypt. . . . Comparable with these hunting scenes (in a tomb of the time of Seti I.) are the pictures upon the painted wooden casket found in the ante-chamber of the tomb of Tutankhamen, representing the king and his courtiers in battle with African or Asiatic foes, or hunting the lion, antelope, wild ass and ostrich."

Mr. Short (whose book, perchance, rather belies his name) preserves a well-balanced and critical attitude, and a capacity for judging art both in relation to contemporary society and politics, and in historical perspective, as compared with the work of other nations. Summing up, and speculating on the future of painting from the standpoint of today, he concludes: "This survey closes at a moment when the dominant mood is lack of reverence for craft tradition, and lack of faith in time-honoured symbols." The volume is beautifully and abundantly illustrated with representative pictures of many lands and times.

In the world of art, as in the world of fashion and social custom, tastes

change and reputations fluctuate. While critics play their part in this process, there is another and more practical index to current opinion on artists of the past as well as the present, and that is the business of the sale-room, which is, as it were, the Stock Exchange of Art. A con-

spectus of the past year's dealings in the art market, in a celebrated auction gallery, is once more supplied in an exquisitely illustrated volume entitled "CHRISTIE'S": SEASON 1929—OCTOBER 1928 TO JULY 1929. (Constable; 21s.) The book covers not only pictures, but also jewels, silver, porcelain and pottery, armour, bronzes and statuary, furniture, tapestries, carpets, and needlework. To each section an introductory note has been supplied by Mr. A. C. R. Carter, whilst the illustrations reproduce the most important items.

In the picture department, although there was no single sale rivalling in monetary results the Holford dispersal of 1928, yet the grand total was unprecedented. Among the principal events were the sales of the Tatton, Brownlow, and Yarborough Collections. In matters of individual reputation, a notable phenomenon was the rise in value of landscapes by Richard Wilson, which reached their maximum for a single picture with the 6400 guineas paid for his "Thames at Twickenham." Referring to the abnormal success of last winter season, before Christmas, Mr. Carter says: "Farmers have been known to pray for rain and then been drenched. Similarly, Christie's cellars began to be flooded—with treasures—by the end of November." This reminds me of the story of the Cornish parson, who, when prayers for rain had been answered only too abundantly for several weeks, ventured upon a mild remonstrance at the next Sunday service: "When us axed for rain, O Lord, us meant just a wee dapper little shower, but as for this, why, 'tis simply redocious."

Had this book been in my hands last week, when I mentioned a reprint of the Life of Disraeli and a biography of the present Premier, it would have been appropriate

[Continued on page 782]



THE ORIGIN OF THE "CATHERINE WHEEL" PORTRAYED IN A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT: A MINIATURE SHOWING (ON RIGHT) THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. CATHERINE AND (ON LEFT) A NUN KNEELING TO HER.

This subject is taken from a magnificent manuscript, in Latin, executed at Spire in the second half of the fifteenth century, and included in the catalogue of a sale to be held at 16-18, Doelenstraat, Amsterdam, on November 22, by Messrs. Frederick Muller and Co., by whose courtesy we reproduce both the illustrations on this page. The MS. is written on vellum in large red-and-black Gothic script and is adorned with sixteen beautiful miniatures within initial letters. The above drawing is at the foot of the page containing the initial "V," in which is a scene of St. Catherine before the Emperor Maxentius. Here we see, on the left, St. Catherine standing, with Elisabeth von Gemmingen, in nun's habit, kneeling before her. On the right is shown the Saint's martyrdom—the origin of the "Catherine wheel."

We accompany the author, who in one place is found "devouring" Mr. Carter's second volume, both to Tutankhamen's Tomb in the Valley of Kings, and to the treasures from it placed in the Cairo Museum. Her pen pictures of a Pharaoh's family life, and of the little Princesses, one of



THE DEATH OF JEZEBEL IN A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SETTING: ONE OF MANY COLOURED MINIATURES IN AN IMPORTANT MANUSCRIPT OF BIBLICAL HISTORY TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER AT AMSTERDAM.

The above is one of fifty-one coloured miniatures, representing episodes from the Old Testament and the Apocalypse, in an important cursive manuscript of the fifteenth century, known as the Historical Bible, or Biblical History, translated (into French) and written by Guyart des Moulins. From the accompanying text it appears that this drawing represents the death of Jezebel. The miniatures are of great interest as records of costume and manners in the fifteenth century. The MS. is to be included in the forthcoming sale at Amsterdam on November 19, mentioned in the note to the other illustration on this page.

whom married Tutankhamen, are drawn in an idyllic vein. Of the splendours of his burial she says: "What has this young prince done that, after his early death at seventeen or eighteen years of age, he should be carried to his everlasting rest with such unheard-of

why, 'tis simply redocious."

Had this book been in my hands last week, when I mentioned a reprint of the Life of Disraeli and a biography of the present Premier, it would have been appropriate

[Continued on page 782]

OLD MASTERS AND T'ANG PORCELAIN:

SOME NOTABLE ART TREASURES
ABOUT TO CHANGE HANDS ABROAD.

1. BY PAUL VERONESE (1528-1588) : A PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN — DRAWN IN SANGUINE (36.2 CM. HIGH BY 25.5 CM. WIDE).



2. BY GIOVANNI BELLINI (1426-1516) : A PIETA (CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS) — A PEN AND WASH DRAWING.



3. BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528) : HAND STUDIES — (LEFT) THOSE OF POPE JULIUS II. — FOR "THE FEAST OF THE ROSARY."



4. CHINESE PORCELAIN OF THE T'ANG PERIOD : A FIGURE OF A DANCER (23 CM. HIGH).



5. CHINESE PORCELAIN FIGURES FROM TOMBS OF THE T'ANG DYNASTY : A PAIR OF DANCERS SEATED — WHITE PASTE (ONE SLIGHTLY BROWN), WITH STRAW-YELLOW GLAZE AND TRACES OF RED AND BLACK PAINT. (23 CM. HIGH.)



6. CHINESE PORCELAIN OF THE T'ANG PERIOD : A FIGURE OF A DANCER IN ROSE PASTE (25 CM. HIGH).



7. ASCRIBED TO FILIPPINO LIPPI (1457-1504) : "THE ANNUNCIATION" — A WOOD PANEL (89 CM. HIGH), EXHIBITED IN RUSSIA IN 1909.



8. BY VAN DYCK (1599-1641) : A PORTRAIT BELIEVED TO REPRESENT GIAN FRANCESCO BRIGNOLE-SALE, DOGE OF VENICE IN 1655.



9. SCHOOL OF PINTURICCHIO (1454-1513) : "THE VIRGIN, INFANT JESUS, AND YOUNG ST. JOHN" — A PAINTING ON WOOD.

Our first three illustrations show interesting items in a sale of old drawings to be held in Amsterdam, by Messrs. Frederick Muller and Co., at 2.30 p.m., on November 21. Regarding No. 3—the Albrecht Dürer—a note in the sale catalogue says: "The two joined hands of Pope Julius II. have the pastoral ring and the mystic ring. Two other hands hold the staff of the Papal cross, and there is a profile sketch of its bearer." The T'ang porcelain figures of Chinese dancers,

from Tombs of the T'ang Dynasty, are included in the Theodor E. Simon collection, to be sold in Berlin, by Messrs. Paul Cassirer, on November 5. Filippino Lippi's "Annunciation" will be offered by Messrs. Frederick Muller, in Amsterdam at noon on November 19, on behalf of Prince Alexander Romanovsky, Duke of Leuchtenberg. Towards noon on the same day, Messrs. Muller will auction the two pictures shown above in Nos. 8 and 9.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : INSCRIBED ENGLISH GLASSES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

There are a few pieces, however, with this sort of motto: "Wine does wonders every day," and "Jove decreed the grape should bleed for me." This glass, however, is even more plain-spoken:

On the left a little Bacchus holds a cup; on the right are Venus and Cupid; a loaded vine is in the centre; and below is written: "Sine Cerere et Baccho Friget Venus"—"without Ceres and Bacchus (*i.e.*, bread and wine) Love freezes."

There are a great many examples of the historical type—in fact, most great events seem to have been commemorated by an inscribed glass, just as one often finds a reference to current topics on so-called English delft. The inscription: "Sir I. Pole for Ever," which occurs on one or two glasses, can be paralleled on several Delft bowls, and is, of course, the slogan of some forgotten electioneering campaign. Another specimen indulges in hyperbole, for the memory of a doubtless exciting campaign is kept green by the proud assertion: "The Revolution of Lowth, Novembr the 1st 1755."

Duncan, St. Vincent, Howe, and Nelson all figure upon glasses—so also does Frederick the Great. Popularity entailed immediate engraving upon glass: national heroes (one must remember that Frederick was our ally) were immortalised in earthenware, in the more fragile and beautiful metal with which we are now concerned—and in the names of public-houses. How many little inns were set up in the eighteenth century and called "The King of Prussia"? An example commemorating literary distinction is to be seen in Fig. 3—a glass with a plain stem, engraved with the bust of Dean Swift. But the power of the pen,

however mordant, can never equal in popular regard the fascination of a cause: and the more that cause is upheld with an emotional fanaticism, the more influence it will have.

There were two great semi-religious and semi-political creeds which held men's imaginations till well after the middle of the eighteenth century. The first was that of the Jacobites—romantic, attractive, foolish. Many glasses are in existence which either openly or by means of fairly clear symbolism endeavour to keep alive the enthusiasm of the faithful minority for the exiled Stuarts. There is no space to treat of them on this occasion: they deserve a page to themselves.

The record was that of the opposing—and winning—party, which accepted, first, King William, and afterwards the

Hanoverians. The circumstances are too well known for detailed description; it will suffice if I merely remind my readers of the bitter spirit in which the civil war was fought. Perhaps a few words from the Orange toast illustrate the temper of the times as well as anything else: the toast is too long to quote in full. "To the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who freed us from Pope and Popery, knavery and slavery. . . ." It ends with the hope that whoever refuses the toast may be "damned, crammed, and rammed down the great gun of Athlone."

The opening sentence of this toast often appears on Williamite glasses, with or without the bust of the King. Fig. 1 is a very rare example of this type. It represents the Rev. George Walker, who was the soul of the defence at the siege of Londonderry. It is odd to think that Walker is almost forgotten outside the North of Ireland. So fervid and powerful a personality may be thought to deserve a greater monument than the Doric column that was set up in 1789 above the city walls. He was received at Court and made Bishop of Derry, but was unable to keep out of danger. He was killed at the Battle of the Boyne. I should, perhaps, point out that neither Jacobite nor Williamite glasses appear to have been made before the middle of the eighteenth century. They commemorated great events

and kept alive old discords; they appealed to the remaining partisans of old, unhappy dissensions. They cannot be considered as serious political propaganda.

Finally, there is Fig. 4—a sufficient refutation, surely, of those who can see no good in anything that has the remotest connection with "the First Gentleman of Europe." This beautiful bowl once



AN article on Old English Wineglasses that appeared on this page some weeks ago brought me several letters from the West Indies and Canada, all asking for information. Enquiry in the trade elicited the rather curious fact that, while a great deal of English glass was taken out to the ends of the earth in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, all that is of interest to collectors finds its way back to London, there to be re-exported to its old home. Toronto, it seems, will not buy locally; it sells to London, and then buys back again, because the one or two specialist London dealers really do know what they are selling.

Here are a few examples of rare inscribed glasses. It



FIG. 1. A "FACTION" GLASS OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: AN ANTI-JACOBITE GLASS WITH A BUST OF THE REV. GEORGE WALKER, "THE SOUL OF THE DEFENCE AT THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY."

will be apparent at once that, from the collector's point of view, beauty of shape is of secondary importance compared with the historical or sentimental interest of the inscription. One chooses a set of wineglasses by the perfection of their form; if they are engraved, one is immediately influenced by other considerations—a thick stem, a clumsy foot, can be forgiven. These particular examples, however, are graceful enough; at the same time their importance, and, of course, their value, depend upon their inscriptions.

Let us consider them in detail. Fig. 2 is rare, amusing, and rather naughty—an unusually elaborate specimen of a type that was not often made. The eighteenth century was a notoriously hard-drinking age—so hard-drinking that it was not necessary to urge people to further excess.



FIG. 3. AN EXAMPLE OF POPULAR ENGRAVING WITH NATIONAL HEROES AND MEN OF DISTINCTION AS DECORATION: A GLASS BEARING A BUST OF DEAN SWIFT.



FIG. 2. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WINE-GLASS OF RARE DESIGN, COMPRISING BACCHUS AND VENUS WITH CUPID AND AN APPROPRIATE LATIN INSCRIPTION.



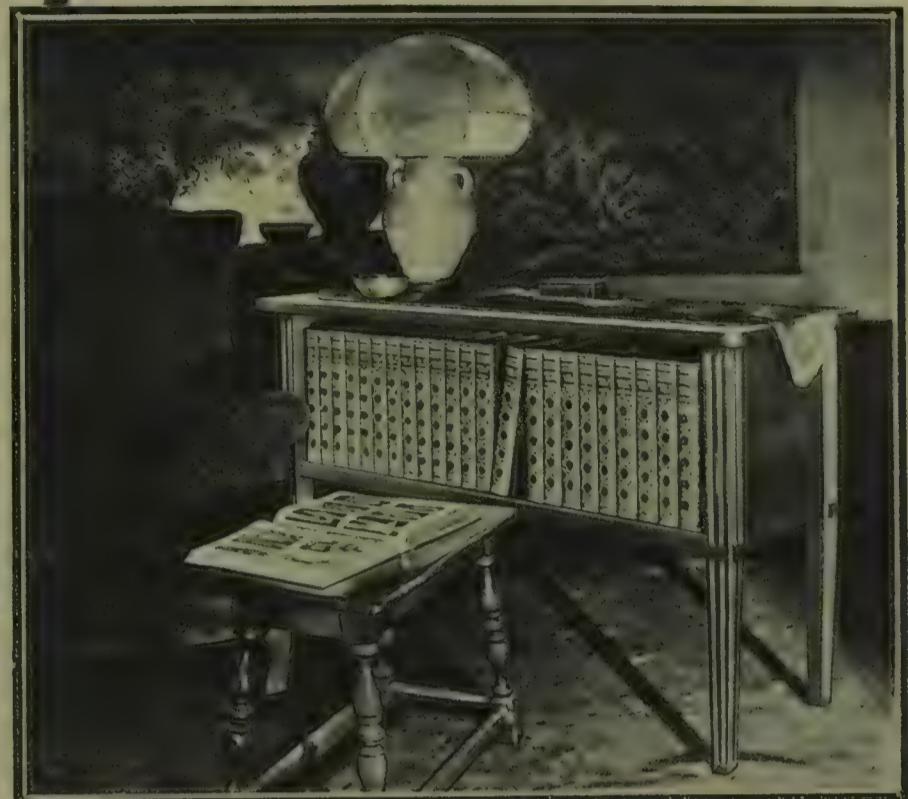
FIG. 4. ASSOCIATED WITH "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE": A UNIQUE BOWL, ONCE OWNED BY MRS. FITZHERBERT AND ENGRAVED WITH THE FITZHERBERT ARMS.

belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert. The coat-of-arms is very delicately engraved, and put on with the perfect taste that knows just where decoration upon an already lovely shape must stop if the eye is not to be offended by lack of proportion.

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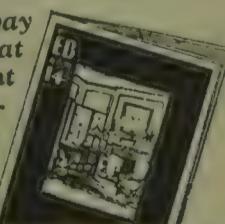
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Restricted space governs the designs of modern furniture. This carved oak table combines the austere lines of the monk's refectory table with the practical qualities needed by the modern layman.

"Well-Dressed" Portraits. The ideal costume in which to sit for a portrait is undoubtedly something becoming, and not too "dated" in its *chic* to deny any touch of romance. An idle observer, examining the portraits on view at Mr. I. M. Cohen's one-man show at Walker's Galleries, might think that the artist had been lucky in having so many admirably dressed women to paint; but on second thoughts she would realise that, though Mr. Cohen's sitters are all young, smart women, it is to the art of the painter that we owe the pictorial value of their dresses.

Mr. Cohen uses cloaks and scarves with excellent effect, for his portrait of Mrs. E. W. Morrison Bell shows her in a black velvet wrap with silver tissue lining and a scarf attachment. Mrs. Tillotson is presented in a deep sapphire-blue velvet coat, with a narrow scarf-end flung round her neck, worn over a black dress; and in his portrait of Mrs. Barrington-Ward, Mr. Cohen has achieved a lovely colour-scheme by posing her in a golden cloak over a rust-red dress. Mrs. Roger Wethered, the beautiful young wife of the famous golfer, is another of Mr. Cohen's sitters, but in her case the pink dress which she wears is not elaborately painted, and one's attention is entirely held by the eager, youthful expression of the face. Fashion's love of black and red is supported by Mr. Cohen in his portrait of Mrs. Bassett Wilson, as she wears a black dress, cut high at the neck, and only relieved by a scarlet camellia on the shoulder and a scarlet belt.

Women and Linen by Candlelight. "Never choose women or linen by candlelight!" is the advice of the sprightly heroine of the Viennese comedy which is still pursuing its triumphant career in London. Elizabeth, it is evident, looked at things from the masculi-



DINING BY CANDLELIGHT: AN OLD CUSTOM REVIVED
BY MODERN HOSTESSES.

The use of candles for lighting and decoration is much in vogue. These tall "Nell Gwynn" candles are obtainable in beautiful colours to harmonise with any scheme of decoration.

line point of view. Millamant, on the contrary, staunchly upholds the modern hostess who rejoices in the fact that women and linen look their best by candlelight. There is no doubt about the fact, and consequently candles are much in vogue for lighting

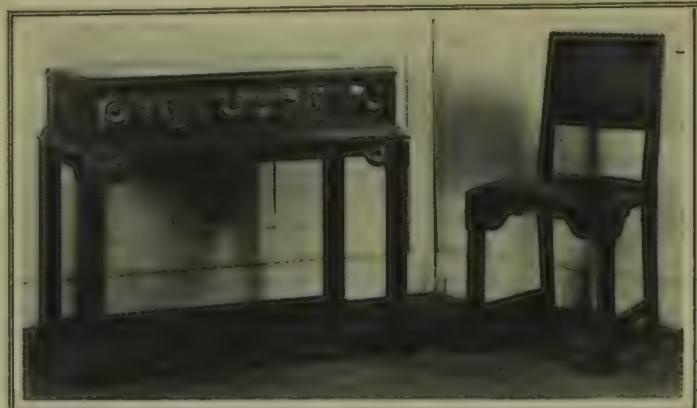
The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

FASHIONS IN PICTURES AND FURNITURE.

and decoration this season. The modern candle has risen like a phoenix from the ashes of the plain white tallow which lit the centuries. It is colourful, artistically designed, and flaunts its flame proudly, unrestricted by any Victorian shades. Illustrated on this page are two corners in a beautifully furnished modern home, showing the important part it plays in the general scheme of decoration. The tall "Epic" candle on the right gives distinction to a sombre corner of an old library. The Legend of the Holy Grail is moulded on its surface, as clearly and delicately as in a piece of sculpture. The dining-table is lit by slender Nell Gwynn candles in bright orange, matching the centre-bowl of flowers. The vivid splash of colour is just what is needed to show up the beauty of the sparkling silver and glass. Nowadays you choose these candles as carefully as the curtain or carpets of the room, with a keen eye to colour, and a feeling for a design appropriate to the atmosphere. There are "Stuart" candles for

too massive to fit into a small room. This firm make a speciality of furniture from fine old wood in reproductions of old designs. There are dining-room and library-suites of every period, flawlessly reproduced.



AN ATTRACTIVE SERVING - TABLE AND DINING - CHAIR:
THE ADVANTAGES OF OLD OAK AND NEW WORKMANSHIP.

The serving table and chair complete the carved oak suite decorated with dolphins which is illustrated on this page. It may be seen at Williamson and Cole's.

Convertible Furniture.

The restricted number of rooms in a flat has inspired many ingenious ideas with regard to furniture playing a double rôle. In these same furniture salons it is surprising how many methods there are of disguising a bed. An ordinary comfortable settee, with arms at either end, and a padded back, changes miraculously to the most comfortable of couches. A wire mattress slides forth from some hidden depths, and the bedclothes as well, so that you have a perfectly rigid bed at the usual height from the floor. There are divans with drop ends and ottomans which pack quite flat. Exotic cushions play an important part in the disguising of these useful pieces of furniture in the daytime. Amongst the huge collection of original designs to be found here, I noticed particularly a large triangle carried out in taffeta, appliquéd with brightly coloured motifs at the apex; and another, costing only 9s. 11d., portrayed a strange bird stencilled on velour. Pouffes grow more and more popular, but instead of Parisian dolls lounging gracefully upon them, the latest idea is to have a life-like model of a pet cat or dog, purring contentedly (or apparently so), in their stead.

Some of these animals are made with concealed fasteners which open to reveal the fact that they are quite capacious workbags under their frivolous exteriors.



WITH DOLPHINS CARVED IN WOOD: A MODERN VERSION
OF AN OLD DESIGN.

This carved oak sideboard is a perfect reproduction of an old design, carried out by Williamson and Cole.

old English "period" rooms, Chinese candles for Oriental boudoirs, fresh rural scenes for country cottages, and sophisticated "jazz" candles for ultra-modern schemes of decoration.

Furnishing Vogues of the Moment.

Interior decoration flourishes exceedingly in these days. Modern woman, though accused of lacking in the "home spirit," paradoxically strives hard to make her rooms express personality. In France there is now a vogue for recreating the Victorian atmosphere. Possibly to harmonise with the trend of the new fashions! In England, on the contrary, *l'art nouveau* finds multitudes of followers. Light grey woods, silver oak, and even painted furniture, are fashionable. I have seen lately several attractive modern suites of this nature at Williamson and Cole's, who have an immense treasure-house of furniture in the High Street, Clapham. With their co-operation, a modern bed-room can be attractively furnished at a moderate outlay. Grey walnut, which is very popular, inlaid with an effective pattern, is used for a suite which is obtainable for £45 19s., including a wardrobe, low triple dressing-table, and chest.

It is interesting to notice that, however modern the remainder of the flat, the dining-room still aspires to look as ancient as possible. Frankly, the majority of us nowadays are unable to afford an entire room of beautiful antiques, but the prejudice against good reproductions made out of genuinely old wood has died a rapid death. The solid oak pieces illustrated here, for instance, are quite as attractive to the eye, and probably better finished, than the corresponding type centuries old. They are ornamented with a curious dolphin design, beautifully carved. The suite is very moderate in price, and the pieces are not



INSCRIBED WITH "THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY

GRAIL": A DECORATIVE MODERN CANDLE.

A striking mode of decoration is the Field's "Epic" candle illustrated above, which is engraved with the legend of the Holy Grail as delicately as though it were sculptured.

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I am aiding a Young Politician to soar,
 He is painfully earnest and rather a bore,
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 When his speeches are deadly I lighten their tone
 With some bright little catchwords and quips of my own
 Which he always believes he invented alone.

When we're married, and live in a Westminster Square,
 I shall censor his hats and the length of his hair
 Until Cabinet Rank has requited my care;
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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE HEAVEN AND EARTH OF DOÑA ELENA.
By Grace Zaring Stone. (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d.)

"The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena" is an astounding first novel. It flows without apparent effort, and its manner is as serene as the manner of Doña Elena, who was a nun by vocation and the daughter of a noble Galician family so old that it was already noble in the year seven hundred. If Doña Elena's story were no more than her life in the Convent of the Poor Marys in San Juan it would still give indescribable pleasure, for every inmate of the convent is touched in with a beautiful precision. Moreover, Grace Zaring Stone has a quiet, very illuminating wit, so that, without any tugging at one's sleeve, attention is drawn to the quainter idiosyncrasies of the devout community. With all this, the wisdom and spirit of Doña Elena are set apart, as a dish of rare fruit might be on a gleaming polished table. The period is the seventeenth century, and the setting is the Caribbean, with buccaneers about, and perils by land and sea from which not even high and reverend ladies are exempt. "The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena" is a treat in store for the lovers of the pure, rare art of words and phrases measured perfectly to express the novelist's vision of humanity.

SCHLUMP. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)

"Schlump" has, it is said, impressed the whole German world with its profound sense of reality. No doubt the whole German world recognises Schlump, but not because he has anything profound about him. He is a re-incarnation; he walked this earth before, in a happier age. He was peacefully amorous then, and innocently gross, and Willy Busch created him. Schlump belongs by right to "Abenteuer eines Junggesellen." Here he has left his civilian best clothes behind, and goose-steps as a field-grey, and his adventures happen within sound of the guns. A war book has been written round him, and his amiable little obscenities and philanderings have a military searchlight playing on them. He was worried because his trousers were too wide; the searchlight flickers meditatively over Schlump's trousers. The publisher tells us the book has been written without the omission of a significant detail. But there are many things included that are not significant; and that he does not say. For one circumstance, gratitude is owing to

his anonymous author: Schlump returns alive to his mother. He is best remembered in his home-coming, where his simplicity is not distorted in the much-abused name of realism.

SOMETHING ATTEMPTED. By GERARD HOPKINS. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

"Something Attempted" hinges on the pusillanimity of an unhappy man to whom Gerard Hopkins does careful justice. Everard Martin, poor fellow, had a gift of "uplift." His books and his Sunday meetings were "uplift"; they stimulated the people who were, as Cardinal Newman would have said, lacking in the illative sense. He preached no creed: his appeal was to the creedless. Unluckily, the time came when he was required to prove his own mettle, and there he failed lamentably. The truth about Everard seems to be that he was just born without a moral backbone; but Mr. Hopkins makes more of it than that. Everard fell in love with a clever, nice girl (worth a dozen of him), and she returned his love. But Monica was looking for example as well as precept, and as soon as she realised the cold truth about Everard she gave him up. It was unfortunate that she did not find him out until they had arrived in Paris, having left his wife in the lurch. Monica herself does not come very well out of this part of the affair. But then, she was an idealist of five-and-twenty. The dualism of Everard is interesting, and Monica sparkles brightly. "Something Attempted" is worth reading.

CUCKOO OATS. By LADY BENSON. (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d.)

If "Cuckoo Oats" had been written a hundred years ago, it would have been called "The Two Sisters; or, The Downward Path," and we should have known at once where we were. The old story (and it is a very old story) wears its modern dress with a jaunty air. It is odd, but it is not incredible, to find two twentieth-century girls brought up to do nothing, and driven to marriage, and worse, by their helpless condition. Faith was the one who "went wrong"—was determined to go wrong, and went. She looked up an elderly admirer, and proposed herself as his mistress. Brenda married a worthy man with a receding chin, who finished up by being less worthy than when he began. The chin did not belie his character, it appears. As Lady Benson tells

this plain unvarnished tale, it takes upon it verisimilitude, which is no small tribute to her powers as a story-teller. The vulgarity of the two young women is entirely convincing. And the world they find themselves in is convincing too, but only as one world out of many, and that an inconsiderable one.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 776.)

to quote the following paragraph: "The lure of Christie's (says Mr. Carter) is one of the magnetic forces of the world . . . At a sale many years ago, I espied three famous men destined to be Prime Ministers, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Asquith. To-day it is common knowledge that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald visits Christie's as often as the cares of State allow him to take 'an hour off.' . . . Disraeli, as First Lord of the Treasury in 1874, visited Christie's with admirable results, because, after inspecting the Alexander Barker Collection, he instructed the Director of the National Gallery to buy some of the masterpieces, one of which was the luminous 'Nativity,' by Piero Della Francesca, at 2300 guineas, worth at least £100,000 to-day."

Three other books of kindred interest claim a few words, and deserve more, but space forbids. Mr. Carter's allusion to "Fantin la Tour's exquisite flower pieces" serves to introduce a floral anthology, charmingly pictured, from the English Poets, entitled "WHERE THE BEE SUCKS." A Book of Flower Poems chosen by Iolo A. Williams. With twelve Colour Plates after paintings by Katharine Cameron, A.R.E. (London: The Medici Society; and Boston: Hall, Cushman, and Flint; 12s. 6d.) On the educational side of art, a book of great practical value is "MODELLING AND SCULPTURE." A Practical Treatise for Students; with a Brief History of the Art. By F. J. Glass, Headmaster of the School of Arts and Crafts, Doncaster. With 295 Illustrations (Batsford; 18s.). The illustrations include many photographs and anatomical diagrams. From Germany comes an interesting book, plentifully pictured, on the decorative arts in relation to personal adornment, namely, "MODES AND MANNERS: ORNAMENTS." Lace, Fans, Gloves, Walking Sticks, Parasols, Jewelry and Trinkets. By Max Von Boehm. Translated from the German. (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; New York: Dutton; 15s.). With 241 Illustrations in Monochrome and sixteen in Colour. The author conveys in a compact and readable form a vast amount of interesting information, interspersed with incident and anecdote, about the ornamental side of life from prehistoric to modern times. Tutankhamen himself might have gathered a few wrinkles from these pages on the art of decoration.

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DISCOVERIES IN NORTHERN SYRIA.

(Continued from Page 764.)

we found also a gold ring and a hematite cylinder. Most interesting of all was an ivory casket, the lid of which, miraculously preserved intact, has an image of a seated goddess, with nude torso, and wearing a full skirt with a bustle, between two goats standing on their hind-legs (Fig. 1). The whole work, which has an almost heraldic aspect, is very beautifully composed, and shows a very advanced form of art. The goddess appears to be akin to the Cretan and Mycenean fertility goddesses of Knossos and Tiryns in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C. The ivory is undoubtedly the finest and best-preserved that has come down to us from that remote period. It has been given a place of honour among the collections of Eastern antiquities in the Louvre.

In their richness and importance the tombs of Minet-el-Beida can be compared to the royal tombs of Isopata and of Zafer Papoura in Crete. Undoubtedly they contained the bodies of a princely dynasty, as yet unknown, of Northern Syria. It was now a question of finding the palace and the town to which the royal necropolis of Minet-el-Beida belonged. At a distance of 1000 metres from the shore, there is a mound (*tell*) 20 metres high, 1000 metres long, and 500 metres wide. It is called by the natives Ras Shamra, or Cape Fennel. For our excavations I chose the highest point of the mound facing the sea, where I supposed the palace to have been. As soon as the superficial layers were removed important foundations of fine stone appeared, amongst which we found a bronze dagger and the remains of a granite statue of a Pharaoh, as well as Egyptian *stela* covered with hieroglyphics of the New Empire epoch. One of them is dedicated to the god Seth of Supuna. These discoveries enabled us to ascertain immediately the period of the palace, showing that it dates back to the second millennium B.C. ; and they prove, moreover, that the kings who resided in this palace were friends or allies of Egypt. We ought soon to be enlightened regarding the importance of their diplomatic relations through

(Continued in Column 3.)

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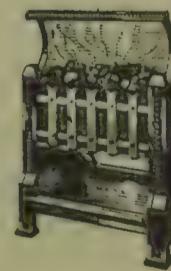
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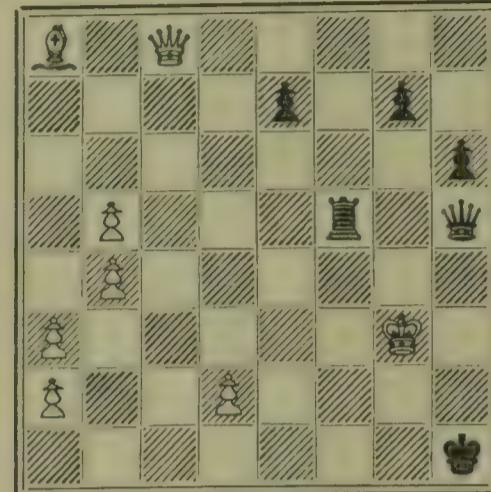
To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME-PROBLEM NO. XXXII.
[8r2; 2P1P2P; 3Q2P; 1P1P4; 8; 2P3Q1; 1P2R2P; 1R5K1; Black to move and win.]

Black should have played 18. — KtB5; if then 19. P×Q, there follows Kt1×R(ch): 20. King moves, Kt×Qch; 21. P×Kt, P×P; and Black, with the exchange up and the better position, wins easily. If 19. RK1, KtK7ch wins the Q, as 20. R×Kt is followed by mate in two. Lastly, if 19. KB1, then QQ8ch, 20. RK1, KtK7ch, and mate next move.

GAME PROBLEM No. XXXIV.

BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (8 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: B1Q5; 4P1P2; 7P; 1P3R1Q; 1P6; P5K1; P2P4; 7K.]

In the above position, by the inimitable Sam Loyd, it is obviously Black's move, as he is in check. What was White's last move?

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4056.—By T. C. EVANS.

[8; 3P4; 3P1Q2; 3P1K1; 3K3; 3P1P2; 1P3P2; 5B2; in two moves.]

Keymove: QK7 [Qf6→e7].

If 1. — P×Kt(e5), 2. QKt4; if 1. — P×Kt(e4), 2. Q×QP;

if 1. — K×Kt, 2. KtB6; and if 1. — PQ7, 2. Kt×BP.

This charming "light-weight," just outside the "Meredith" class, is, as one solver puts it, the last word in delicacy and grace. There are only four variations, but each is perfect.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM NO. XXXII. received from R S (Melrose), Senex (Darwen), F N Braund (Ware), L W Cafferata (Newark), F N (Vigo), and H Richards (Hove).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 4053 received from Chas. Willing (Philadelphia), Geo. Parbury (Singapore), and J S Almeida (Bombay); of No. 4055 from H E McFarland (St. Louis), A Carrington-Smith (Quebec), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), and J W Smedley (Brooklyn, N.J.); of No. 4056 from Senex (Darwen), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), L W Cafferata (Newark), and Julio Mond (Seville); of No. 4057 from M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), H Richards (Hove), L W Cafferata (Newark), and A Edmiston (Llandudno).

Continued from Column 1.]

the discovery of an entire library of terra-cotta tablets covered with cuneiform texts (Figs. 20, 21, 22, and 24). Amongst these texts there are letters very like those of Tell el Amarna, which comprise, as is well known, the diplomatic correspondence of the Pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty with the Syrian rulers. One of these letters, found at Ras Shamra, addressed to a king called Akinni, mentions the conclusion of a treaty between three towns, the names of which were hitherto unknown: Panashtai, Hazilou, and Halbini. But what makes this discovery particularly interesting—indeed, quite sensational—is that most of the tablets are written in a new script, quite unknown before (e.g., Fig. 22). This script is already alphabetic, as it uses only twenty-six signs. M. Viroilleaud, the well-known specialist, set to work immediately to decipher these precious documents, which up to the present have still kept their secret. Not far from these tablets the expedition discovered a wonderful deposit of seventy-four bronze weapons and tools, exceptionally well preserved—swords, daggers, lances, axes, spades, scissors, sickles, arrows, and a graceful tripod adorned with pendants shaped like pomegranates (Fig. 23). Some of the bronzes bear a cuneiform inscription as enigmatic as most of the tablets.

The expedition finished its excavations at the beginning of June, and after a presentation of "finds" to the Seraglio of Lattakia, and of others to the High Commissioner of Beyrouth, these latter were taken to France. They are now on view in the Salle Dieulafoy at the Louvre.



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A CAUTIONARY TALE: LUDWIG ON WAR-GUILT.

(Continued from Page 773.)

her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but Our Country, right or wrong!"

And remember that all the Peoples in action were assured of the rectitude of their cause: all battled to save their own, confident that they were protecting themselves, their kin, and their civilisation. Of that they were persuaded, and because of that they took up arms—rich, and passing rich, and poor: men of all classes, all creeds, all parties, well-nigh of all ages.

Ludwig is sarcastic as to those he dubs the provokers. "The treaty system of old Europe was built on a morass. Each lured the other on, watched till at last he touched the forbidden fruit, then cried: 'The robber has violated the legal frontier; help!' As Christian morality forbade any aggression, self-defence alone could be shown as the motive; and therefore each group waited for aggression from the enemy, to enforce the *casus fœderis*. . . . But even apart from alliances, the peoples themselves and above all the lowest classes, who had to fight and suffer the war in all its reality, could be roused only by the conviction that they were victims of aggression. So each sought to construe the other's conduct as such. They might have stood under arms for weeks, confronting one another, and given the watching world time to speak the decisive word of unarmed reason. But the will of the Generals leaped across like an invisible spark from the recesses of their palaces in the Capitals to the front posts, where already men were stamping impatiently, eager to open the drama. Everywhere there were patrols of from five to twenty men prowling along the frontiers. A certain number of the 'frontier violations' on which most of the declarations of war based their *casus fœderis* were therefore genuine; what was invented sounded plausible, and might become truth an hour later. It is an idle waste of time to decide the conflicts of those documents, with which each side sought after the event to prove its own innocence. The only important things are the intentions of the leaders behind, the levity of the advance posts in front, and the ambiguity of the treaties which reckoned on both these things. 'There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so'"

Will such provokers be listened to by another generation? Who knows? Memory is fleeting; even the much-heralded, best-seller, "propaganda" books—"The Case of Sergeant Grischa," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and the rest—are, it is to be feared, ranked as little more than realistic romances by those who have never been in the trenches. Yet: there is some hope in a sound League of Nations: "Where history cannot serve as a model, it should at least be fruitful as a warning. The picture of July 1914 shows a continent in which the nations trusted and obeyed their leaders, while those leaders in their turn were responsible to no central authority. The absence of any control over the individual Governments had brought about European anarchy. We know that those who drove Europe into war were themselves driven. This is precisely where their guilt lies; they let themselves be driven." There was no International Police Force to bid the hot-heads Pass Along; no International Magistracy to fine them or imprison them!

"July 1914"—it might have been called "The Legend of the Great Men; and the Legion of Lost Youth"—is, in fact, what our grandfathers and grandmothers knew as a cautionary tale. But it is a "Meddlesome Mattie" with a difference; its style is not that of the kind Nannie or the perfect mama; it is not verbosity in verse; and it is not altogether intolerant of human frailties. None need fear that it will bore them with platitudes or that its solemnities are soporific; in truth, it may be imagined that the more callow will find a sneaking pleasure in discovering clay feet! However that may be, the younger amongst us should read it. The Future is theirs—our sons' and their sons'. E. H. G.

E. H. G.

RADIO - GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

ALL who have listened to the good quality of reproduction obtainable by playing gramophone records through a wireless amplifier and loud-speaker, must have realised that the practical combination of radio and the gramophone was bound to come sooner or later. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the two biggest gramophone firms—The Gramophone Company (H.M.V.), and The Columbia Graphophone Company respectively—have entered the field of radio, and, in fact, are already issuing electrical reproducing instruments for use in the home. Many modern radio receivers and loud-speakers which render faithful reproduction of wireless programmes, are capable of reproducing gramophone records with equal fidelity, but the practice of using a radio set in conjunction with a separate gramophone is gradually giving way to the use of a single cabinet containing the whole apparatus, by which radio or records may be heard simply by switching over from one to the other as desired.

The new method of listening to gramophone records by electrical reproduction has been brought about, firstly, by the wonderful amplifying properties of the thermionic valve, and secondly, by an interesting little apparatus called a "pick-up," which converts into electrical vibrations the mechanical vibrations "picked-up" by its needle when tracking along the groove of a gramophone record. With suitable equipment, which involves good records, an efficient "pick-up" (which does not "chatter"), a properly designed amplifier, a high quality cone or moving-coil loud-speaker, and at least 150 volts high-tension current, the beauty of reproduction of the original sounds is given forth from the loud-speaker with a realism which is a joy to hear. Another advantage of the new system over the old is that the degree of volume of music, song, or speech, can be controlled from *pp* to *ff* simply by turning a small knob. Thus, the volume may be reduced to suit the requirements of one or two listeners, or increased when a party of friends is being entertained in the home. "All-electric" radio-gramophone sets for use in the home, or in hotels, are now available in many designs of fine cabinet-work, and are ready to function as soon as connection is made with the nearest wall-socket.

New records issued by H.M.V. include organ and choral renderings made for the first time in St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir of nearly fifty men and boys sing unaccompanied "Hail, Gladdening Light," and "Angels Ever Loving" (B3103). On the Cathedral organ, Dr. Stanley Marchant plays four pieces—"Basso Ostinato" (Arensky); "Postlude in C" (Smart)—C1729; "Bridal March and Finale" (Parry) and "Fugue in D Minor" (Bach)—C1728.

Columbia has issued a magnificent record, played by Clifford E. Ball on the Wellington, N.Z., War Memorial Carillon—No. 5531. The Delius Festival is represented by five excellent Columbia records—"Brigg Fair," played by Sir Thomas Beecham and his Symphony Orchestra—L2294-5; and "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring"—L2096; "Summer Night on the River"—D1638; "Walk to the Paradise Garden" ("A Village Romeo and Juliet")—L2087—each played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.



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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LV.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

THOUGH many sports and pastimes in this country must necessarily be governed by routine, either because of the weather or for commercial reasons, I see no reason why those connected with the water should be dependent on fixed dates, as they appear to be. It is true that the number of salt-water yachtsmen who keep their vessels in commission throughout the winter is increasing, but the same cannot be said for the owners of river-craft. October 1 appears to be the date when any self-respecting owner of a river-launch must lay his boat aside for the winter. Proof of this is to be found, for example, in the present deserted state of the upper Thames. The cause cannot lie in the cooler weather, for motor-car picnics and similar pastimes continue to be popular at the various beauty spots. No; the reason is that convention, or a deep "rut," has marked out a "close season" for fresh-water boating, no matter how hotly the sun may shine. At the risk of becoming unpopular, I feel that the followers of this unwritten law must be a dull lot. They miss some of the greatest charms that the rivers and inland waterways hold, which only require the addition of an extra wrap, perhaps, to enjoy them in as much comfort as in the summer.

There must be many owners of river-launches in this country who tour the Continent by motor-car during the cold months, or spend them on the shores of the Mediterranean. I cannot understand why they never use their boats instead. I do not imply that they should cross the Channel in them, because ample facilities exist whereby boats can be sent to

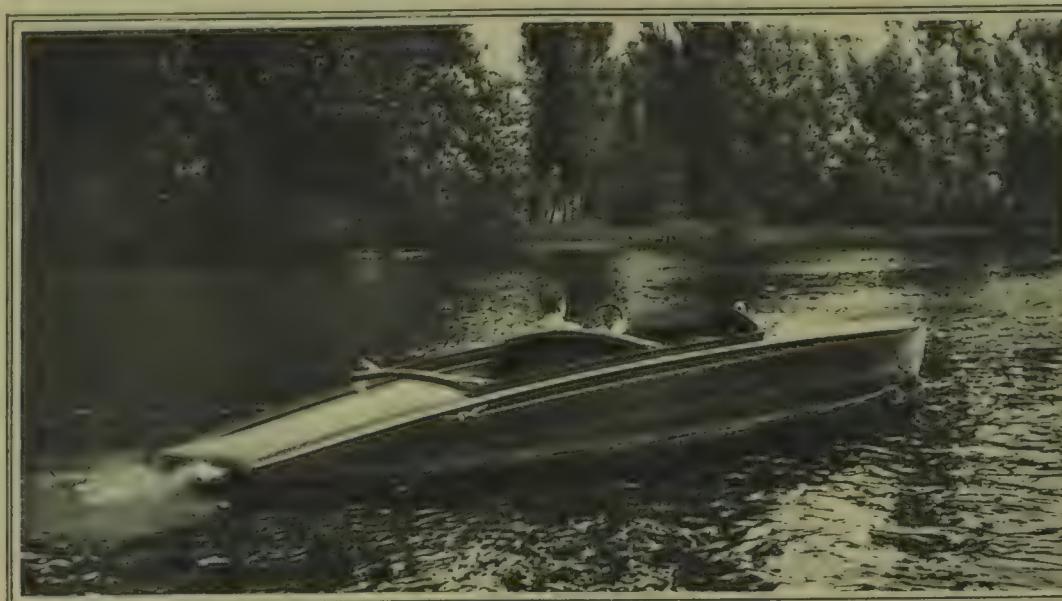
France as easily as motor-cars, and at no great cost. Once on the other side, rough roads and dangerous car-drivers hold no terrors for those who travel by water. Most Continental cities lie open to them, and when the Northern waters become frozen, the southern rivers and sheltered coasts are available, even for the most lightly built craft.

I am not an owner of a river-launch, but should I ever become one, as I might when age creeps on

of the more open Continental lakes and rivers; there is an increasing tendency amongst designers to provide this already. She would be fitted internally as a "Continental tourer day boat," but provision would be made for emergency sleeping accommodation against the possibility of the distance between hotels being too great for one day's journey.

There would be special stowage for suit-cases, also toilet arrangements, and a fitted locker right across the boat, combining the duties of a pantry and galley, which would have a door hinging downwards to form a table. This locker would contain, in addition to crockery, food, and so on, an old friend of mine in the shape of a dissolved acetylene cylinder, and a gas-ring for cooking. Fuel would be carried for twenty hours' "steaming" at economical speed, whilst the full speed would be at least 14 knots. This should be ample to compete with the most swiftly flowing river. An all-weather hood in two parts would be fitted, so that, if required, the luggage and domestic section of the boat could be covered when others were open. Exceptionally large "pudding" fenders would extend all round the boat, as protection against damage in locks, and at least two cork portable fenders also.

Being a man of unconventional ideas, I have approached Mr. Andrews (who builds launches at Bourne End) in connection with a boat of this sort. He already builds craft with ample flare and of a type very suitable for the purpose. I have every reason to hope, therefore, that my ideal "Continental Tourer" will be available at an inclusive price in the near future. In such a craft there would be no difficulties connected with a tour to the Black Sea via the Danube and the heart of Europe, calling at some of the most interesting cities of the Continent.



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The boat seen above is a standard 25-ft. launch built by Messrs. Andrews, of Bourne End, with a beam of 6 ft., a draught of 15 inches, and a range of speed from 4 to 22 m.p.h. This vessel is ideal for extended Continental touring. In fact, one of these boats has made the journey from Bourne End to Budapest and back, under her own power, with the exception of the Channel crossing.

and I require a peaceful mode of travel, my boat would be kept in commission throughout the year. As long as the fine weather lasted in this country she would remain in home waters, but she would be shipped to the Continent as soon as conditions became wintry, in readiness for a foreign tour. She would differ in some respects from the usual river-launch. Her bows, for example, would have more flare, in order to throw off the additional spray found on some

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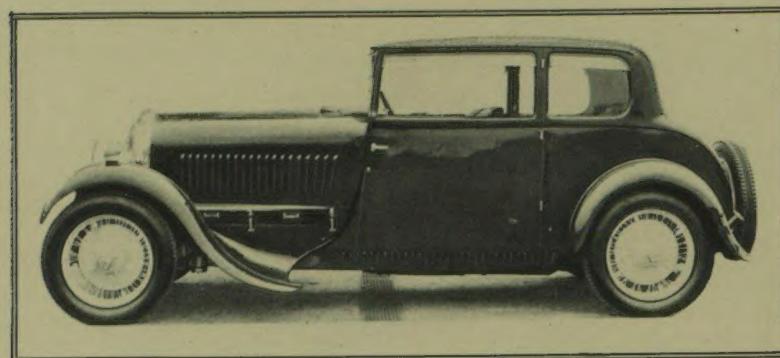
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE 20-H.P. HILLMAN.

WHAT are the prospects of the eight-cylinder car in this country? is a question I heard often discussed during the Motor Show. The fact that we make no more than we did last year—that is,



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four; the Lanchester, Wolseley, Beverley, and Hillman—and that there was not a single story spread about new ones for next year, seemed to many people fairly conclusive evidence that it will be a long time before our industry comes into line with America or France. I do not agree. America showed about a dozen at Olympia, and, comparing her output with ours, or that of any European industry, obviously beat us in name only. Our four and France's five represent far more than her twelve.

The Six
the Present
Favourite.

Apart from these calculations, it seems to me that as our manufacturers go on making and selling Eights, the type must be a commercial success, and is therefore bound to multiply. It is a little early to prophesy that Eights will very soon become a fashion. We make such remarkably good sixes now, of nearly every price from £275 to £3,000 and more, that I fancy most people will remain content for some time with the now highly

improved type of car which was certainly a luxury—and, possibly, a bit of a gamble—only a short time ago. There is still a glamour about a Six, although nearly everybody who buys a car can afford one. For a while, I should say, the Six will remain the fashionable as well as the popular car.

None the less, the progress of the Eight will be interesting to follow, especially in this country.

We have them at moderate, medium, and high prices, but it will be in the first category that we are most likely to see them become fashionable. If you have to pay in thousands of pounds, the glamour which surrounds your purchase dazzles the man who cannot afford it rather than yourself; but if you can buy for a few hundreds a car of the same design as the 2000-guinea marvel, the glamour is for you. You have fulfilled an ambition.

The Simplicity
of the Good
Eight.

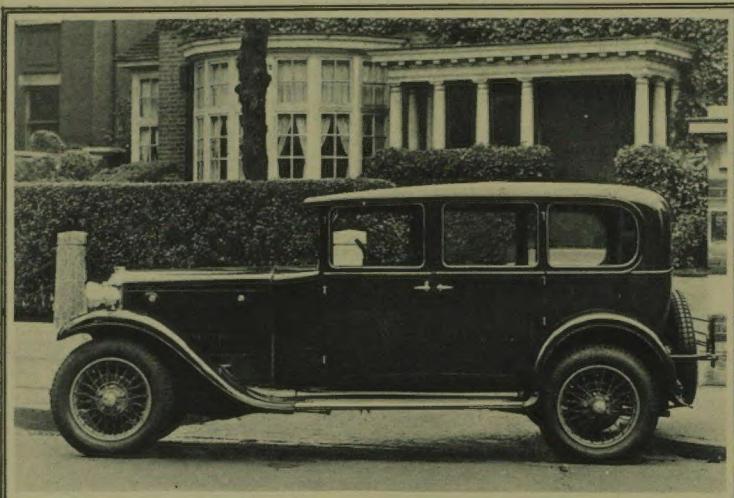
The most interesting thing about the Eight for the man of moderate means, as it is being developed, is its simplicity. No Eight is in reality a simple job to make (I remember a very famous designer indeed stating not so long ago that a straight-eight cam-shaft was the most difficult thing in automobile work to produce); but so far as one can see it is going to be just as simple for the uninstructed to look after as the Four. It is going to mean a good deal more hard labour in the matter of decarbonisation and valve-grinding and setting, and, power for power, it may cost more in oil and fuel, but that is all. It is, as they say where they make them, "a job."

Where it
Must Score.

The only thing, then, for the ordinary motorist to decide for himself is whether he gets definitely better performance from an Eight than from a Six of the same power; whether its flexibility is noticeably better; whether it is quieter, faster, smoother running, or more lively. These are the acid tests to which the Eight must submit. By rights, it should score over flexibility and smooth running, but, as yet, I cannot see why it should be faster or have better acceleration. It has more moving parts, a greater mass of inertia to overcome. Will it satisfy everyone on the road? For myself, I think it will; but until more are produced one can hardly pronounce judgment.

In the meantime I have, at the request of Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., carried out a test run with a 1930 Hillman Eight, now a member of that combine which includes the Humber Sixes as well as the 14-h.p. Four; and I give you my impressions and criticisms of the first moderate-priced English car of its type. Generally speaking, the new model is

[Continued overleaf.]



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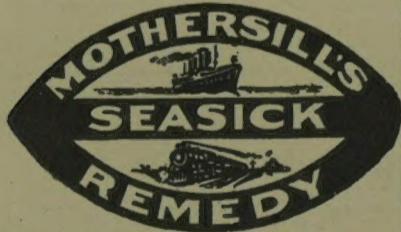
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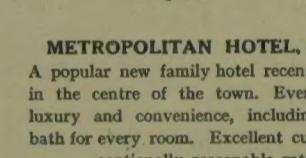
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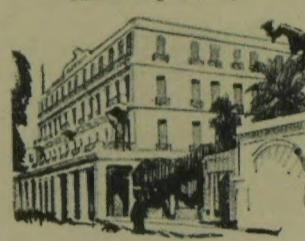
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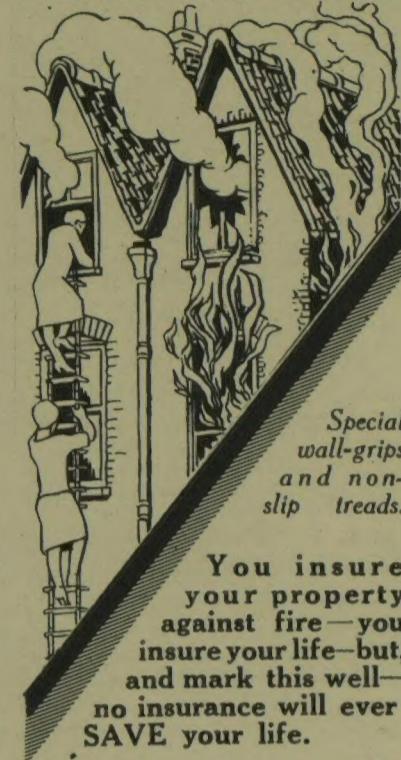
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Continued. altered only in detail. It has a capacity of just over 2½ litres, the bore and stroke being 63 by 105. This implies a £20 annual tax. The valves are overhead, operated by push-rods and rockers, the cam-shaft being driven by a chain. The valve-gear is commendably quiet, even at fairly high speeds. The carburettor is the new pump-type Zenith, and, though set rather low, is quite accessible. It has a hot-spot, taken off the exhaust manifold, which runs directly above the inlet. Ignition is by coil and battery, with the advance and retard hand-controlled from the steering-wheel. Cooling is by "pump-assisted thermo-syphon," which sounds like a contradiction in terms. However that may be, it is very efficient. In fact, at no time during my trial, even after a mile-long pull up-hill, did the temperature-indicator show itself in the "normal" quarter.

Good Gears and Brakes. This was rather odd, as radiator shutters are fitted, automatically controlled by thermostat. It may be that the latter was not working properly. The engine is mounted on rubber, and a vibration damper is fitted to the front end of the crankshaft, which is carried in five bearings. The excellent four-speed gear-box still has right-hand control, I was glad to see. The lever is in a comfortable position for the ordinary-sized driver. Gear-changing is easily and noiselessly accomplished, owing to the light and ready action of the single-plate clutch. The side-brake lever is on the right, but, as is usual with Hillmans, well out of the way of the driver's legs when he enters from the off-side. The four-wheel brakes are very powerful. The suspension, by semi-elliptic, is unchanged, except that "silentbloc" shackles have been fitted. There are shock-absorbers to both axles. Chassis lubrication is by grease-gun, and not centralised.

Its Flexibility. The Hillman scores well in flexibility on top gear. You can take traffic at a crawl without any sign of snatching, and get away from about 5 or 6 miles an hour smoothly and unhesitatingly. From about 20 miles an hour the pick-up is good—better, in fact, comparatively speaking, than on third speed. Second is a good hill-climbing gear, and first is a genuine emergency gear. The gear-box as a whole is an improvement on last year's, there being much less hum throughout the range.

Excellent Suspension. Sixty-five miles an hour is said to be the car's maximum, but I could not safely verify this, owing to the extreme slipperiness of the roads. The long climb up to Burgh Heath called for third speed just before the flat section, but the rest of it was taken on top, at a steady pace. The springing is really good, the behaviour of the car over the scandalous surface of the Sutton bypass being quite out of the ordinary. The body, the coachbuilt saloon, selling at £445, was comfortable and roomy, especially in the back compartment.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

The time-honoured custom of burning "Guy Fawkes," accompanied in the appropriate manner with coloured lights, big bangs, rockets, and the like, is due to take place next Tuesday, the "Fifth." Once again, Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co., makers of the famous "Crystal Palace" fireworks, have risen to the occasion by providing every variety of wonderful effects. Some of these may be "held in the hand," but with others, after being lighted, you must "retire immediately." Specialities which are bound to thrill include: "Gerbs," "Repeating Bomb-Shells," "Roman Candles," "Mines of Serpents," "Fiery Whirlwinds," "Catherine Wheels," "Gold and Silver Fountains," and "Coloured Lights."

THE NEW LONSDALE COMEDY.

WHEN the first-act curtain of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Canaries Sometimes Sing," rises on a monologue addressed to a canary by Mr. Ronald Squire as an embittered husband, in which envy is expressed of the bird's single state, you realise what is the theme the author is to adorn with his engaging wit and subtle craftsmanship. This is to be a comedy of marital disillusionment. And when, after a glimpse has been given of Geoffrey's cold-hearted, feline, and socially ambitious wife, Anne, another ill-assorted pair is brought upon the scene—one of them Ernest, a wise fool who will one day be a Duke, and the other the chorus girl, Elma, whom Ernest has married and delightful Miss Yvonne Arnaud impersonates. Mr. Lonsdale's scheme is clear before you; his business is to handle his quartette in their reactions without resorting to the obvious device of an exchange of partners. Very diverting and ingenious does his handling prove. You watch Geoffrey and Elma virtually conspiring to throw Ernest and Anne together, and you note with delight the manœuvres by which Ernest wriggles his way out of Anne's clutches. Then it is Geoffrey's turn to feel the pounce of another man's wife, and he is no more anxious to take a plunge than Ernest. In this piece of gay fooling the acting is as sprightly and neat as the fun. The light touch of Mr. Squire, the vivacity of Miss Arnaud, and the sharply-cut portraiture given by Miss Mabel Sealby to Anne, just suit their parts; but perhaps the happiest performance is that of Mr. Athole Stewart as Ernest, especially in the moment when that dull-seeming dog refuses the rôle of Quixote; here we have the best thing this player has done throughout his career.

With regard to the Marmon car which was depicted on page 706 in our issue of Oct. 19, this model should be correctly described as a five-passenger saloon.

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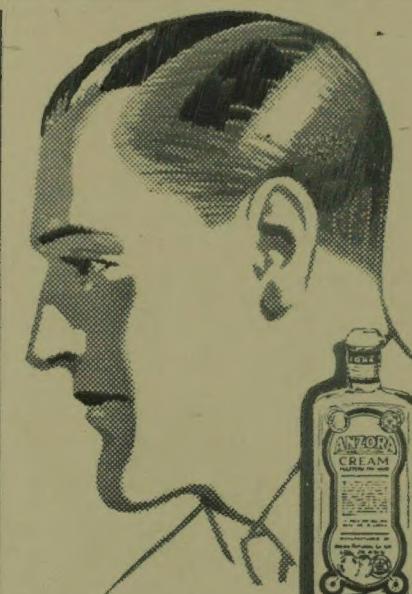
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